Serfoji Rajah. 1829

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# EXTRAORDINARY MILITARY CAREER

OF

# JOHN SHIPP,

LATE A LIEUTENANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S 87TH REGIMENT.

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle:
*　　*　　*　　Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

VOL. II.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL ... TANJORE

LONDON:
HURST, CHANCE, AND CO.

1829.

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# MEMOIRS

OF

# JOHN SHIPP,

&c. &c.

## CHAPTER I.

The reader will probably recollect that he was informed, at the end of the Tenth Chapter of the preceding volume, that, after about three months' sail up the River Ganges, we reached Cawnpore in safety. The day before we arrived at that place, Colonel Wade sent for me, and gave me a strong and handsome letter of recommendation. In the evening of the next day we marched to tents which had been previously pitched for our reception. Here we found two officers of our own regiment, ready to receive us, with one of whom I had often dined when an officer in the same camp. He received me

kindly, and promised me his friendship. Nothing of moment occurred during the short time I was at this station.

Having refitted, we started on route to Meerutt (about three hundred miles by land), under the command of two officers, whose sole study was to promote our happiness and welfare. I do not know that I ever spent a happier time. Our march was always over by nine o'clock, and we encamped under the salubrious scent and pleasant shade of the lofty mango. After journeying in this pleasant manner, we reached Meerutt on the 9th day of November, 1809, having been eleven months and a day from England. Here I was welcomed by all my old comrades, and found myself full sergeant in Captain Beattie's troop.

On the evening of our arrival we were inspected by the commanding officer, now Major-General Need. I was well received by all the officers, and indeed by all the corps, save two or three corporals whom I had supplanted in their long-cherished hopes of promotion. This naturally placed me in no very enviable situation with these men, and

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several attempts were made to try my courage, but I was too well versed with the rank I held to permit myself to be imposed on or annoyed. When they found this, their ire passed away and their grievances were forgotten. After the inspection, my commanding officer called me on one side, and said, "I am much grieved to see you in your present situation, after the many laurels you have gained in India, but I feel pleasure in having it in my power to promote you to the rank of sergeant, and if you conduct yourself well, be assured I shall not lose sight of your further promotion." I was obliged once more to go through a regular and systematic course of drills, both on horseback and on foot; but, as I was already well acquainted with both, I was soon dismissed. As, however, the reader may not be so well versed in these exercises, perhaps he will find it an agreeable relaxation to bear me company for

## TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

THE first morning after a young officer has

joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word "march" is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best-regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are floored."

"Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out, at intervals,—"Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue, at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir,—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand,—*trot*."

"Well done, indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—*faster, faster*."

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Sergeant, halt, for God's sake! I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!"

"Bravo, sir, that's better—*faster.*"

"Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!"

"Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two.*"

"Halt, sir; halt! that won't do: what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two."

"I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant."

"Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir. *March—trot—faster—faster;* very well, indeed. Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt,* that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will

soon put it in its proper place. Faster—a little faster—*halt.* There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gemman. You had better dismount, sir."

"Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?"

"Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount!"

"Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane," cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off." The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—"Good morning, sergeant;" for it is always good policy to keep

friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders. "Good morning, sir," says the sergeant; "I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday."

"Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch —not worth mentioning."

"Glad to hear it, sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope."

"Much obliged to you, indeed," says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

"Oh, don't mention the obligation, sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure," continues the sergeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, "there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the by, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was

no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army."

"Good for the army! How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning."

"My good sergeant, what are you talking about?"

"I am only *supposing*, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another: but come, sir, we must proceed to business! Prepare to mount—*mount*—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—pray, sir, keep your horse steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—*march*—sit still, I beg, sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, sir, *trot*—*faster*—*halt*. Pray, sir, do be attentive."

"My stirrups are too long."

"Rough-rider, take them off, the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, sir, off with you again—*march—faster—halt*. Why, sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—*march.*"

"I am off, I am off!"

"Not yet, sir."

"Yes I am, yes I am."

"Well, I believe you are now, sir; at least I never saw anything more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, sir."

"No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other."

"Why, of course, I know that, sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, sir, mount again."

"I can't; you have taken the stirrups off."

"Oh, never mind that, sir; jump up."

"I can't."

"Try, sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding-master coming this way."

The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.

"Well, sergeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?"

"Very well, indeed, sir; he has only had two falls in two days."

"I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?"

"Kicking Billy, sir."

"Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—*trot.* Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, sir. We'll now try a little canter—*canter.* Very well indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—*faster—halt.* What, three of you off! Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—*march—trot—gallop.* Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, sir."

"I can't, sir; if I do, I shall be off."

"You must go faster, then, till you do—*faster*—*faster*; well done, indeed—*halt*. What, off again!"

Thus concludes the second day's drill; after which the pupil, having surmounted the minor difficulties of horsemanship, is put into a squad of about a dozen recruits, to act in a body.

I had not been in the regiment above one year, when a colonel, commanding a corps of the Company's Native Cavalry, who had known me before, offered me a riding-mastership, a situation equal to an ensigncy. I was elated with the idea: it was the situation which, of all others, I should have fancied. I dressed myself in my best, and off I marched with the colonel's kind invitation in my hand, not having the shadow of a doubt of the full and joyous concurrence of my commanding officer, who, I thought, would gladly embrace the opportunity of giving me a proof of the friendship he had so often professed for me. I presented the letter, and begged his consent and aid in the fulfilment of my wishes. He read it, paused, knitted his dark eyebrows, and it was so evident that he was

displeased, that I began to muster my offences, but I could think of nothing in which I had offended him. Imagine my surprise and mortification when he returned the little document into my hand, accompanied with this sweet and consoling declaration, "I shall not recommend you for any such thing." He was just about to leave the room, when I presumed to remonstrate on the cruelty of such a denial, in preventing me from getting such a respectable situation, and I pushed the matter home by asking him if he thought me unworthy of it, or if I had displeased him in anything. He said, "No; but," continued he, "don't you think I like good men in my regiment as well as Colonel K——? Besides," he said, "what am I to do for a sergeant-major if you leave the regiment, or perhaps for an adjutant, if anything should happen to either of them?" Two of these persons were younger than myself, and in full and blooming health. I felt my pride wounded and my feelings hurt, and I could not help expressing my sentiments to that effect, and we parted at enmity. This was a death-blow to my present hopes. I

made the best excuse I could to the colonel who had made me the kind offer, and I was in a short time made drill-corporal in my own regiment, and afterwards drill-sergeant. This was a situation I was fond of, and a preparatory step to that of regimental sergeant-major. For a time this new toy pleased me, for I would, at any time, sooner command than be commanded; but the duties of a drill-sergeant are very laborious. There is no situation in the army where the patience and temper are more tried than in this, in which your life is almost worn out, sometimes by stupid and awkward recruits, and at others by sulky, stubborn, and petulant old soldiers. Some will not do as they are desired, others cannot. Many of these fellows will purposely step off with the right foot, when you have taken the greatest pains to explain to them that the left is the foot in which all marches are commenced. In file-marching, or following one after the other, an error of this kind is frequently the cause of a most ludicrous scene. If the front, or leading file, step off with the right leg, which I have seen some obstinate mules do, and all the others move off

with the left, it naturally follows that the file immediately behind must, of necessity, come upon the heels of those before them, and in endeavouring to recover themselves, the change of step goes from front to rear before gravity and order are restored. On occasions of this kind I have seen five or six files come flat on their faces, and many consider themselves fortunate if they come off with a broken shin only. This is what they call a *lark*, and hoaxing the drill-sergeant. If a man once played me this trick, I always put him in front as long as he had a heel or toe to stand upon.

I went on tolerably well with the troubles and vexations of this arduous office, when, one fine morning, it was rumoured through the lines that the sergeant-major was defunct in hospital. I was congratulated from all quarters as his successor, as a matter of course, and the eye of the whole regiment was upon the drill-sergeant. I expected a summons every moment from the commanding officer. So sanguine was I myself, that I had directed that all my "traps" might be put in moveable order; when, lo! another sergeant was

appointed sergeant-major, leaving poor me the butt and jeer of the whole corps. I could not imagine what could possibly be the cause of this strange appointment. I say strange, for two reasons: first, that the situation had been promised to me; and, secondly, that the sergeant who was appointed was, of all others, the most unfit for it. I felt hurt beyond description, but my spirit was too proud to permit me to ask why I had been thus passed over. I bore it as patiently as I could, still trying to kill care by fagging at the drills; and no doubt some of the poor fellows under me felt the weight of my disappointed hopes, for I had them out late and early. I mentioned, however, the circumstance to my captain, and told him I would resign both my drill-sergeantship and also my three other stripes; but the captain, having more prudence and temper than his sergeant, advised me to put up with it, saying, that he had no doubt the colonel had something better in store for me. This supposition appeased my troubled mind, and I endeavoured to smother my grief by making myself a better drill; and in a short time the

storm had blown over, and the event was nearly obliterated from my memory. After this affair I always avoided the colonel, and whenever chance threw me in his way, I gave him the customary salute due to his rank, but accompanied with a few dark looks, as tokens of my gratitude.

Thus I went on, chewing the cud of disappointment, when one morning I happened to be straying down a narrow lane, brooding over my misfortunes, and trying to assign some reason why my commanding officer had passed me over in promotion, when, in turning a corner, I almost came in contact with the object of my meditations, who could soon have put my mind at peace—the colonel himself. I tendered him a most formal salute, almost as stiff as my feelings were towards him; this dumb greeting being garnished with one of my blackest looks. I was passing on, with one eye looking over my shoulder, and at last I turned my whole body round to have a good stare at him; when, to my surprise, as if he had anticipated my thoughts, I found that he also had countermarched. We were now face to face, and retreat would have been unsoldier-like;

so I commenced the attack, by approaching the spot where he stood, as if I was returning home to my barracks. When passing him, I of course gave him another salute, somewhat smoother than the former. From this amendment in my behaviour, I was in hopes he would speak to me as I passed, for I was ripe with a speech as long as my sabre, which I had been some time cementing together. I had hardly gone past, when he said, "Halloa, Shipp,—come here." I approached him, and, after giving him a more conciliatory salute than usual, was just about to open my battery upon him, when he commenced a hedge-fire, by saying, in a kind and friendly manner,—"Well, Shipp, how do you get on?" Here was a pretty preface to my intended speech! I stood at attention, knowing the respect due to my commanding officer, and replied, "I get on but badly, sir."—"How is that?" said the Colonel. I said, "I had but little encouragement to get on well, since he was pleased to pass me over in promotion."—"Why, then," said he, "did you not come and ask me for it?" Here my spirit nettled; I told him, no doubt impetuously, that, if he did

not think me worthy of it unsolicited, I should never ask it of him. By this I struck the chord of his displeasure, and he replied, " Then you will never get it." I tipped him another salute, rather bordering on impudence, and was in the act of facing to the right-about, and for this purpose had drawn my right foot back to my left heel, when he turned his displeasure into kindness, and said, " Stop, sergeant; suppose I have something better for you than what I have taken from you, and which you did not think worth soliciting." He said this with an inquiring eye, and I replied, that my prospects in life depended entirely upon his friendship towards me. If he withheld that, I had nothing further to hope. He answered, " My good-will and friendship you have; but you must divest yourself of that impetuosity of temper, and depend upon it I shall not lose sight of your welfare: go home, and keep yourself quiet." Thus we parted. I wanted a balm of this kind to sooth and calm me; for, what with my disappointment, and the trouble I had with obstinate young soldiers and drunken old ones, my patience and temper were really worn threadbare, and, from constant bellowing at the

drills, my voice had become as gruffly sonorous as a bad church organ. But, in all my distresses, I never lost sight of my duties and respect to my superiors, knowing that any neglect on my part would lose me every thing. I was on good terms with every officer and man in the regiment, and made it my study to be the first on parade, and the last off. I had risen through the several gradations of lance-corporal to full,—lance-sergeant to full,—drill-corporal,—drill-sergeant,—pay-sergeant,—and troop-sergeant-major,—without being once confined, or on any occasion reprimanded by a superior officer.

In the year 1813, another sergeant-major made a retrograde movement, and tumbled into his grave; but I still could not make up my mind to solicit the appointment of my commanding officer, although I saw several other sergeants running down to ask for it. Notwithstanding this, I kept at home, where I dressed, expecting every moment to receive a summons from the colonel, who, I thought, surely would not again pass me over. Here I waited, looking every now and then out of my barrack-room window, but neither messenger nor orders arrived.

I began to think it had been given away a second time, and a dreadful struggle ensued between pride and interest; the former said, "Don't go;" the latter, "Go, or you get nothing." After a long contest, pride succeeded, and I remained where I was. At evening-drill, I was early at my post, and was going through my regular course of evolutions, when the adjutant rode up to me, and said, "Why don't you go and ask the commanding officer to give you the vacancy?" I replied, "Sir, I should deem myself unworthy of such a situation, did I beg or cringe for it. If my commanding officer deemed me deserving of such an appointment, he would give it me without hesitation; and, should he be so kind, he may rely upon my strictly performing the duties entrusted to me, and thus proving my gratitude; but ask it I never can." After this fine speech, I went on with my drill; when the adjutant, after pausing a few seconds, said, "Well, if you are too proud to ask for it, I am not," and off he galloped. In a quarter of an hour he returned, and said, "You are appointed sergeant-major." I thanked him most cordially, and assured him he

should never have cause to regret his kindness. He replied, "Shipp, to be candid with you, I admire your proper spirit in not begging the situation, nor does your commanding officer think the worse of you for it: you will immediately move into the sergeant-major's bungalow, and assume the duties of that office. I need not, I am sure, inform you what they are." On the following morning I moved into my new house, and published my own appointment. Here all the cares and anxieties of my past life were forgotten. The very idea of having the whole regiment under my special command at drill, was to me inexpressibly delightful, and I looked forward to the day as the consummation of my military glory.

As a groundwork for proceeding properly in my new office, I established an inseparable vacuum between my rank and that of the other non-commissioned officers, treating them with every respect consistent with theirs, and, in time, making them sensible that such a difference must be established between their station and that of the privates under their command. I enforced prompt obedience and

attention from them, and they from those under them. This they at first construed into pride on my part; but, in time, that prejudice wore off, and they obeyed with pleasure. Those who proved refractory were removed from their situations, and those more obedient promoted in their stead. Thus things went on smoothly and pleasantly; and, in two or three months, I could trust them in the discharge of their duties with confidence, and they soon learned how far they could go with me. I had a strict and vigilant adjutant; he made a strict and vigilant sergeant-major; he made good non-commissioned officers; and they good private soldiers. Thus, discipline and good-will towards each other went hand in hand together. My situation was a respectable one, and, what was equally pleasant, a lucrative one. I had as many titles as any peer in the kingdom:—

J. Shipp, R. S. M.—Regimental Sergeant-Major.
J. Shipp, G. K.—Gaol-Keeper.
J. Shipp, U. T.—Undertaker.
J. Shipp, L. M.—Log-Maker.

The perquisites of all these situations brought

my pay to a handsome amount; I was respected by the officers, and loved by the men; and I had scarcely a wish ungratified. The year round I always found the same people, with but little variation, in the congee-house; and one man, a fine young fellow, was never off my gaol-book. The moment he was released he was assuredly in the guard-room again, and from thence to his old place of abode. I once asked him how he could, month after month, prefer that solitary and secluded life to that of liberty. He replied,—"Habit is second nature," for there, he said, "he could, alone and undisturbed, brood over his sad and hitherto melancholy career." He concluded in a most pathetic manner,—"Sergeant-major, I have never done any good since the time your predecessor got me flogged. I assure you, I endeavour with all my energy to forget it, but I cannot; it crushes me to the ground, and that day's disgrace has been my ruin. I am of a good family, but I never can or will return to disgrace those dear parents with a scarified back." Some three months after this, he died, in a sad state of inebriety.

One day I was going my usual round with the orderly-officer, who twice a day visited the congee-house. This officer was a famous one for scenting anything; he could smell a cigar a mile off. In going round the yard, which is inclosed by a stupendous high wall, he discovered a large beef-bone recently dropped. The sergeant was called to account for this ominous appearance. This sergeant was a shrewd fellow, and he immediately said,—" Oh, sir, the pelicans have dropped it." This was very plausible, for these birds will carry enormous bones; and frequently, when fighting for them, they drop them, so that this might very probably have been the case. The moment the dinner-trumpet sounds, whole flocks of these birds are in attendance at the barrack doors, waiting for bones, or anything that the soldiers may be pleased to throw to them. The men were in the habit of playing them many mischievous tricks; but, notwithstanding this, at the well-known sound of the dinner-trumpet they were regularly at their station. Some of the more mischievous boys would tie two large bones together, and throw them.

These would be swallowed with the greatest avidity by two of those poor hungry mendicants, who, in general, would both soar above the barrack-tops with their prey, pulling and hauling against each other, and attended by a hundred crows and kites, pecking them on the head most unmercifully. Sometimes they would throw out a single bone, a pretty large one, with a string and small kite at the end of it, or a large piece of rag. One of the pelicans having swallowed the bone, he would fly aloft, with the string and kite hanging out of his mouth, and with hundreds of his own tribe after him, in hopes he might throw up the bone again, which these birds can do with the greatest facility. Thus ascending, they are lost sight of amidst the clouds; but the same gentleman would frequently be in attendance the following day at dinner-hour, with a portion of the string hanging to him.

We had not gone much further on our round, when the officer scented a bundle of cigars, which he picked up, and archly said,—" Sergeant, what luxurious dogs these pelicans must be! I have

already seen beef, mutton, and pork bones, and here I find a bundle of cigars. I should not be surprised if I stumbled upon a bottle of brandy next." This the artful sergeant did not know how to account for; but the thing was obvious enough: the whole had been thrown over for the prisoners, by some of their friends. The sergeant was severely admonished for his neglect of duty, and a long conversation then took place between me and the orderly officer, on the subject of these wonderful birds. They grow so tame that they will feed out of your hand. At night, they roost on the tops of the barracks, and on trees in their vicinity. In the morning early, they pay their respects to the river-side in search of any dead bodies that may be washed ashore; and it is a most appalling sight to see those ravenous creatures, with hundreds of enormous vultures, tearing human bodies to pieces. If you live on the banks of the Ganges, it is no uncommon sight to see crows, vultures, and hawks, riding down the river on dead bodies, feeding on them as they sail along. This is easily accounted for. Hindoos, in general, are committed to the

pile after death, and burned to ashes; but the poor people, who cannot perform this last office to their departed relatives, burn the hair off the body, which is then committed to the Holy Gunga, as they call the Ganges. The bodies, when exposed to the sun, swell to an enormous and frightful size.

A poor woman, a servant of mine, at Benares, went to bathe in the twilight, and she thought she discovered a stone projecting out of the water. On this she laid her clothes; and, having bathed, she then sat down upon this supposed stone, which, in reality, was a dead body. My servants were aroused by her screams, and immediately flew to her assistance. They found her lying in the water, almost drowned, in a fainting fit. She survived this shock but a short period, and was soon after committed to the watery element.

One day, I was walking on the banks of the Ganges, when I saw a group of people sitting together, and mumbling something to themselves. Near them, I saw a corpse, wrapped in a white sheet, with its feet covered with water. A few moments after, a young man, I should think about

twenty years of age, shouldered the corpse, and, walking slowly to an elevated bank, he hurled it into the river, in the same manner you would a log of wood. He then plunged in after the body, and deprived it of the winding-sheet, leaving the corpse to float down the tide in a state of nudity. When the youth reached the shore, I asked him who the young person was that he had thrown into the river. He replied, with a kind of grin,—"My wife." I said, "You don't seem to be very sorry about her." He said,—"No; it was God's pleasure." I asked him how old she was, and he said, "Thirteen years old." I then inquired if he had any family. He replied,—"Not now; she had one, a little girl, but that the Gunga had got the day before." I then asked him how long his wife had been dead, when he informed me that she died the moment before I came up. The father and mother of the unfortunate girl were both there, but seemed as indifferent as the rock on which they had perched themselves to watch her progress down the rippling stream,—the cold grave of millions.

## CHAPTER II.

Having now a respectable home, and an easy income, I began to look around me for a wife, to share my fortune, and to drink with me of the salubrious cup of contentment. I had been for some time intimately acquainted with a most respectable family, the father of which was a conductor to the commissariat department. He had three daughters, whom he took great pains to bring up in a respectable manner, and they all did credit to his fatherly care, and lived together with great affection and domestic comfort. To the eldest of these I became most sincerely attached. I asked her hand in marriage, and it was granted; but the father stipulated, that, in consideration of his daughter's tender years, the marriage was not to take place for the space of two years. In the meantime, every preparation was to be made for our mutual happiness.

Thus things went on till the latter end of the year 1815, when my good friend the colonel was promoted to the rank of major-general, and consequently bade farewell to his old corps the 24th Dragoons, in which he was respected and loved. Scarcely had he departed, when I drew up a short memorial to the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, and my new commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Philpot, immediately despatched it to head-quarters, Calcutta, accompanied with a handsome recommendatory letter from himself. When I presented this memorial to my commanding officer, he replied, "Shipp, I am glad you have done so. I was yesterday speaking to your friend, Major Covell, about you. I will forward it with pleasure, and I hope it may succeed." Some twenty days after this, I was sent for in a great hurry to the riding-school, where the colonel was looking at some young stud horses. I immediately attended the summons. He was standing with his back towards the riding-school door when I entered, so I waited at some distance, when the adjutant said, "Here

is the sergeant-major." The colonel immediately came up to me, seized my left arm with the hand of his right, and thus led me out of the school. No sooner were we out of sight than he pulled out a letter, and I shall never forget his delight when he grasped my hand, and said, "Shipp, I sincerely congratulate you on your appointment. The Marquis of Hastings has been pleased to meet both your and my wishes; you are appointed to an ensigncy in his Majesty's 87th Regiment, and directed to join that corps immediately: but this you must promise me, to keep the affair secret till to-morrow, or I shall be teased out of my life for your appointment. I would ask you to dine with me to-day, but for this wish to keep it a secret. I shall, therefore, have that pleasure another time." I expressed my most sincere thanks; the colonel put the letter into my hand; he went to his horses again; and I went to evening parade.

In the evening, after my duty was done, I went down to see my intended, and to tell her and her family of my good fortune. On my walk hither I had a most strange feeling; it was not that of elation

of spirits, but rather of a dreary and gloomy turn. In this mood I reached the abode of my little wife, before I was aware of my near approach, and had almost stumbled upon her good father before I perceived him. Indeed, I should have passed him but for his usual salutation, "Ah, John, is that you? how are you?" This address roused me from my reverie, and I replied, with affected dignity, "Come, sir, be a little more respectful to your superior officer, or I shall send you to the congee-house." Here I could not help lowering the ensign's mighty dignity, by bursting into a loud laugh. The old gentleman did not seem to know what to make of it; but I suppose he thought me tipsy, for at last he said, "What's the matter, John? you seem a little out of sorts this evening." I then took his arm; we walked together towards the house; and on the way I told him the whole affair. He replied, "Then of course that will break off the match with my poor Ann; you will now look higher." At this the ensign's blood rose and he got nettled, and warmly replied, "You have mistaken your man, sir. I could never, after winning

the affections of any woman, forsake or desert her. No: it was with tenfold pleasure I came down to assure her of my unalterable affection." Here my friend gave me his honest hand, and I have no doubt, his heart with it; and thus, hand in hand, we entered where all the family were seated round a table at work, their usual evening's employment.

On entering the room, the father, addressing himself to the domestic circle assembled, said, in a jocular manner, "Mrs. H. and children, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance Ensign John Shipp, Esquire, of the Horse Marines—I mean his Majesty's own Irish Regiment of Foot." I made a bow worthy of his Majesty's commission and of the corps to which I was appointed; but this profound obeisance only set the young ones tittering, and one of them, the youngest, had the impudence to point the finger of derision at me, saying, "He an ensign! so is my cat," which cat she immediately paraded on the table on his two hinder extremities, calling him "Ensign Shipp." After this I seated myself close to my little intended, and whispered the whole truth into her

ear; but, instead of evincing the joy which I expected, she turned pale and gloomy. I inquired the cause. She was humble as she was good, and she replied, "I am sorry for it; for I suppose you will not condescend to look upon a poor conductor's daughter." Here the ensign's ire was again roused to a pitch far beyond that of a sergeant-major, and I said, "What the devil (I could not help the warm expression) do you all take me for? man or beast? No, Ann; have a better opinion of me." I then extended my hand towards her, and pledged the honour of an ensign that it was her's, and her's only. She seized my hand and bathed it with her tears. I then directed the conversation into a new channel, by turning my indignation on the little one who had metamorphosed the cat into an ensign; but, as I bethought myself that I really had seen less sagacious animals bearing that commission, I kissed her for her impudence, and forgave her.

The following day I had my hair cut *a la ensign*, and ordered a new suit of regimentals; and the third day I dined at the mess of my old corps, to which I had a general invitation during the time

I remained at the station. I received the most marked kindness from the regiment on my promotion. Invitation followed upon invitation, so that it took up nearly the whole of the ensign's time to make and write excuses; the officers vied with each other in politeness and liberality; and I shall ever remember the generosity of the late 24th Regiment with feelings of gratitude.

Having arranged my affairs, I left Cawnpore for Dinapore, on the 1st day of January, 1815, having first concerted every thing for my marriage as soon as I should be settled with my regiment. I reached the station where my corps was quartered in five days, a distance of four hundred miles.

On the morning of the 5th day I landed, for the purpose of reporting my arrival to my commanding officer. After wandering about the station a considerable time, without seeing a single European soldier, at last I met a woman, and I asked her if she would have the goodness to inform me where I could find the commanding officer of the 87th Regiment. I found by her manners (I mean ill manners) that she had early paid her devoirs to the shrine of

rum. I repeated, "Will you, my good woman, have the goodness to inform me where I can find the 87th Regiment?"

"What, the old Fogs?" said she.

"Fogs!" said I, "no: the 87th Regiment, I mean."

"Is it making fun of me you are?"

I replied, "No, my good woman: I really want to find where the 87th Regiment are."

"Sure they are just after laving this place, becase they are gone away these three big days."

"Gone!" I repeated, "where?"

"Fait, to fight against Paul."

"Paul!" said I, "who the devil is he?"

"Arrah! bad luck to you, is it after mocking Judy Flanagan you are, you tafe?" I again assured the woman that I was in earnest, (for she had put herself in a boxing attitude,) and informed her that I was an officer of that corps. Here she burst into a loud horse-laugh, slapping her legs with both her hands, "You an officer of the old Fogs! ha, ha, ha! Arrah, none of your blarney, honey."

"However you may laugh," said I, "I *am* an

officer of the old Fogs, as you call them, and I am come to join them."

"Then," replied she, "you might have saved yourself the trouble, joy; for the divel a one is here, except the quarter-master, and I could not find him this morning; but does your honour really belong to the old Fogaboloughs?" I pledged the honour of an ensign, upon which she stretched forth her brawny paw, and grasped my hand, saying, "Give us your daddle, your honour; sure, I am always glad to see any of the old corps here." She gave me positive proof of her attachment to the regiment by nearly squeezing my hand off, and she was about to confirm the whole with a kiss, but I parried her in this kind intention. She then entered on an eulogium of the regiment: "The divel a better corps within a whole day's march. The regiment is a credit to your honour. Och! thase are the boys for fighting!" Here she pulled up her petticoats nearly to her knees, and commenced capering and humming a tune. I could not help laughing, for she footed it with the skill of a dancing-master. When she had pretty nearly

winded herself, she again seized my hand, and asked me for something "to drink his honour's health, and success to the old Fogs." I told her that, if she could inform me if there was any person belonging to the regiment at the station, I might be inclined to give her something to drink.

"Thank your honour," said she; "sure, the adjutant, and one Captain Bell, are left behind."

"The adjutant here?" answered I, "what, sick or on duty?"

"Neither, your honour: he is confined as snug as a bug to his own room, and is a prisoner besides. Sure, there has been a mighty blusteration and hubbub between him and the same Captain Bell."

I inquired what had been the matter.

"Matter, your honour? matter enough: there has been bloody murder betwixt them; and sure there is no end to the murders in this regiment."

"What, have they been fighting?" said I, meaning a duel.

"Fighting? sure enough."

"Is the captain also a prisoner?"

"Snug enough, joy."

"Will you be kind enough to show me where the adjutant's quarters are?"

"To be sure, honey: he lives just over against the corner house, just over by the other side of the chapel, and forenent the main guard-room; sure anybody will inform you that knows."

"I fear I shall never find it, with all these leading points," said I; "give me some place near it."

"Well, your honour, do you see yonder woman standing all alone, with a man spaking to her? Or can you see the house round the corner?"

Finding now, from the information proffered by this lady, that the more explanatory she attempted to be, the more unintelligible she became, I cut the matter short by giving her a rupee, and I took my leave of this ardent admirer of the old Fogs with her parting benediction,—"God bless your honour; may your honour never die till the side of an old house fall on you and kill you."

Having parted from this pretty specimen of my new regiment, I inquired for the adjutant's quarters, which were pointed out to me. At the door I met a soldier, of whom I inquired if the adjutant was at

home, and was informed he had just gone out. I said I would wait till he returned; so I seated myself, and in about five minutes after he came in; and, when I informed him who I was, he gave me a hearty welcome, invited me to breakfast, and I remained with him the two days I stopped at the station. From this officer I learned, that the regiment had left two days before, against the Nepaulese. This was a piece of news that delighted me much, although I had not a single thing prepared for such a campaign, nor was it probable I could procure what was necessary, after the whole country had been drained of cattle, &c. to supply the army. But, notwithstanding this, in two days I was ready, so far as carriage; but, as I could not, by any possibility, get a tent, I was obliged to manufacture one, something like what our gipsies use, out of a setterenge, or Indian cotton carpet.

Thus provided, I commenced my march to join the old Fogs, who had preceded me five marches. The first day I accomplished a distance equal to the regiment's first two days' marches. The next day I completed two more, and was handsomely treated

by an indigo-planter, in the district of Tirhoot, where their liberality is noted. I sent on my things, the next morning, twenty miles, and desired that they might be conveyed twenty more, should I not reach them that night. I spent the day with my liberal host, the planter; slept there, and, after eating a hearty breakfast, started the next morning on horseback, my kind entertainer having laid horses for me on the road. I overtook my things about two miles from their destination, and put up at another indigo-planter's. Here I met a young officer, who was also on his way to rejoin the same division, and, as it proved after a little conversation, the same regiment. He was very young, and seemed delicate; and, I thought, but little calculated for such an arduous campaign as the one in prospect. Here we regaled ourselves till next morning, when we thanked our host for his liberality, and bade him farewell. This was the last indigo factory on our road, and travelling without protection was attended with some little danger, the lowlanders being proverbial for murders and robberies. We were, therefore, now obliged to

proceed with caution. In the daytime we remained in our tents, and at night slept in some hut or temple. Neither tents nor mud walls were any safeguard against the desperate thieves in these districts; besides, these lowlands abounded with tigers, bears, hyænas, wolves, jackalls, &c.; and, as these had not been much accustomed to the sight of Europeans, we could not tell how far they might be induced to go for such unusual delicacies; so safety was the parole.

The first march I taught my young companion the art of becoming his own butcher, cook, &c., for I killed, skinned, washed, cooked, and eat, a fine young kid, of part of which I made a curry, and grilled the remainder; of this my young friend partook, with most excellent appetite. After tea, we moved into a village for the night; for some suspicious fellows had already been seen loitering about. When thus travelling, I would recommend people to show their fire-arms, and, in the dusk of the evening, to fire them off. The *dacoits,* or low thieves, in India, although a most desperate set, have the greatest dread of fire-arms, and will seldom ap-

proach those whom they know to possess them, however ill-disposed they might be under other circumstances. Thus, I have often, on the rivers Hoogley and Ganges, when coming home at night in a lone boat, escaped being robbed, and, perhaps, murdered, by frequently discharging my fire-arms, while others, who have neglected this precaution, or perhaps not had fire-arms with them, have been plundered, and, in many instances, murdered, in spite of the police kept on those rivers.

The regiment was now only twenty miles a-head of us. We therefore retired early to rest, intending to reach the corps the following day. We had not reposed more than an hour, lying upon our things, when I was awoke by a noise, something like the crowing of the domestic cock, and then like the barking of a dog. I had been too long in the country not to know that these crowings and barkings were sure indications of robbers being on the look-out. I therefore seized my pistol, resolving to have a shot at whatever first made its appearance. For a time all was still. There were two doorways to the hut in which we had sheltered ourselves;

and, across each of these doorways, lay myself and my young friend. I was wide awake, and he was dozing, when, all of a sudden, he jumped up, and bellowed out, so that his voice re-echoed again,—"Who is that?" I jumped up and said,—"What's the matter?" He answered,—"Some person's hand touched my face." I replied,—You must have been dreaming." He said he was confident that what he said was true.—"Well, then, if it is, don't be afraid," said I. This nettled the young soldier, and he replied,—"No, sir; I am not so easily frightened as you may imagine." I thought at one time he was going to give me proof of his valour, by coming to an open rupture with me; but, at last, we both lay down to repose again, I thinking to myself,—"I shall try your courage by and by, my lad." I pretended to be asleep, and soon heard the thieves on the move again. I therefore stole silently from my bed, and discharged both my pistols in the air, bellowing out, with the lungs of an ensign,—*Choor! choor! choor!* which my companion perfectly understood to be, thieves! thieves! thieves! Hearing this, he made a des-

perate jump over my bed, and was out with me in a moment; but he afterwards confessed that he was most dreadfully alarmed. We retired to rest once more, but had not lain long, before I felt a hand cross my face. I immediately seized the fellow, but he was so oiled that he slipped through my hands like an eel, and was out of sight in a moment. I ran out after him, but he was gone like a whisper on the breeze. At this juncture, I heard my companion crying out,—"Where are you, sir? Where are you, Mr. Shipp? Don't leave me." When I returned, I found him in a dreadful state of alarm, and, I must confess, I did not myself half like it. These nocturnal robbers go perfectly naked, with their heads shaved, and oiled from head to foot. They seemed bent upon robbing us, for it was strange that they should have returned after I had fired. However, I reloaded my pistols, and I said,—"Now, sir, I think we may repose till the morning."—"Repose, sir!" he replied; "I don't think I shall sleep again for a week."—"Nonsense!" said I; "we soldiers must not mind these little skirmishes. Such things as these happen every

day, and we laugh at them. If we had nothing more to disturb our peace than these little annoyances, soldiering would be a delightful life indeed. The grand thing is to keep a good watch, so as not to be taken by surprise. Have you ever heard of the dreadful massacre at Summanpore and Persah?" He replied,—" No, sir; how did that happen?" Upon this, I told him, that, as I did not myself intend to lie down again, I would, if agreeable, relate the particulars of that catastrophe, which would serve to keep us awake till morning.

Major-General Wood, of the Company's army, detached ten companies from the troops under his command; five to a place called Summanpore, and five to Persah, two desolate and deserted villages, some few miles from the extensive forests of the Nepaul territory,—forests which, even to look at, strike the beholder with awe. In the recesses of these dreary woods, dwelt every beast that is unfriendly to man, and, behind them, if not in ambush within their range, lay an insidious and savage enemy, inured to war, noted for stratagems and craft, and who loathed the sight of a white soldier.

The position taken up by these detachments was very judiciously chosen, and was by nature a strong and tenable post against the most formidable foe, being surrounded by a deep ditch, with high and abrupt banks. Only one narrow road ran through this place, over which a temporary bridge, made of boughs and mud, was thrown. Across this only inlet, in the rear of the encampment, was a gradually-rising ground, on which the detachments wisely posted two six-pounders, with the artillery and a strong piquet. These parties were, of course, thus placed for the purpose of watching the enemy, in order that the detachments might not be surprised; and the two entrances to this post of honour should have been watched with the eye of an Argus.

Thus situated, the detachments were permitted to remain in peace and unmolested, for a considerable time. This apparent disregard, on the part of the crafty Nepaulese, of so hated a foe, who, they must have known, were lingering on the frontiers of their country, and watching their every movement, would have created, in some breasts, a suspicion

that some more malignant or subtle plan was in preparation than at first appeared, and that the opportunity was only wanting to put it in execution. Unfortunately, however, the detachments entertained no such apprehensions, but attributed this neglect and apparent indifference of the enemy to their fear of attacking them in their strong hold, and to their resolution not to venture from their hiding-places. This delusive conclusion lulled them into the most distressing apathy, arising from the notion entertained by them of their perfect security: they abated in their usual vigilance, and the necessary watchfulness was neglected,—so important in all situations, but more especially on outposts and piquets,—situations of high trust and honour, on the strict performance of the duties of which the lives of thousands frequently depend.

The lives of almost every man composing the ten companies of which I speak, fell a sacrifice to the fancied security in which they reposed. Both detachments were surprised and cut to pieces before they could even fly to their arms; and, out

of about eight hundred men, not above fifty escaped. The attack on the part of the enemy was so judiciously planned, that their grand object was to cut off our troops from their firelocks, and their plan was so well executed, that they succeeded for a considerable time in so doing. The carnage that ensued was dreadful. The attacking party, on a dark night, has a decided advantage over the party attacked, and pre-eminently so, of course, if the latter are taken by surprise. The confusion and disorder on these occasions is awfully terrific and appalling; the consternation is beyond the power of words to describe; and the massacre is, in general, enormous. The first panic puts the whole mass in motion; some running one way, some another; some dash headlong into the very arms of danger; and others, in their endeavour to escape, rush wildly on their comrades' bayonets. Many a brave man fell in this sad affair; wives were bereaved of their husbands, and children of their parents; for but few, as I have said before, survived to tell the tale of woe. We afterwards learned, from the Nepaulese, that no men ever fought better. One

captain of the honourable Company's Artillery fired six shots, after the whole of his European and Native gunners had been cut down at their guns. This officer's name was Matthews, and he was one of the few who escaped from this dreadful carnage. Lieutenant Charles Smith, of the old 15th Regiment, Native Infantry, fought gallantly, but was obliged to fly, being nearly left alone. A strange coincidence happened to this brave officer. He was a remarkably stout and heavy man, and could not swim; but, strange to say, he crossed a ditch some fourteen feet wide and ten feet deep; but how, he knows not. I have, in the course of my military life, been told of things I had myself done while in action, of which I was quite unconscious; I am therefore of opinion that, when in action, and the danger imminent, the mind is so intent upon the preservation of life, that you know not what you do. Poor Smith often related this fact to me, with the assurance that all he could recollect was, that he sunk to the bottom, and made a desperate plunge to reach the opposite bank; but how he ascended the steep bank,

or whether he was assisted or not, he never knew. Captain Sibley, of the Company's service, fell on this occasion, gallantly endeavouring to rally his panic-struck little force. He fell a victim to his zeal, leaving a wife and family to bewail his loss. The fact of brave men being lost in this way is doubly felt and lamented, not only by their disconsolate families, but by the army in general, by whom the catastrophe of Summanpore and Persah will ever be remembered.

Thus ended my doleful narrative, by which my young companion was much affected, and we passed the night without any further annoyance.

## CHAPTER III.

The next morning we were in marching-order betimes, and started with the determination of joining our regiment as early in the day as possible. We overtook them about nine o'clock, just as they had crossed a nullah, and had halted on the opposite bank. I immediately sought the acting adjutant, from whom, after I had announced my name and delivered my credentials, I received every politeness and attention. He introduced me at once to the commanding-officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, C.B., who received me in the most cordial manner, congratulated me on my appointment, and expressed himself much pleased at my accession to the regiment. All the officers of the corps flocked round me, and greeted me in the most handsome and friendly manner, every one of them inviting me to breakfast. That invitation,

however, I had previously received from the kind commander of the Prince's Own Irish Regiment. This liberal conduct was the more gratifying to my feelings, as I must confess I did not anticipate any such friendly reception. I was well aware of the existing prejudice, and the caution with which officers promoted from the ranks were usually received; but no such prejudice prevailed in this distinguished corps: on the contrary, had I been the son of a duke, my reception could not have been more flattering or friendly. It is true that I had the most flattering letters of introduction from my late commanding-officer to my present, but as I had not delivered them, the kindness which I experienced was wholly spontaneous and unsolicited, and the result of liberal and benevolent feeling. My young companion was received by all in the same handsome manner.

As I found that the jacket, which I had had made for me in haste when I was ordered to join the regiment, was widely different from the uniform of the corps, I apologized for this to the colonel while at breakfast, and he relieved me from all

anxiety on that score, by replying, "Ah, never mind; the one you have will do very well for fighting in, as it is supposed we shall have some pretty hard service."

The following day the regiment reached the ground on which the army engaged in the arduous campaign of Nepaul, in the years 1815 and 1816, had been directed to form. It was at a place called Ammowah, about thirty-five miles from the great forest of Nepaul. At the back of this forest were the strong forts and stockades of the enemy, on hills whose summits were crowned with milk-white clouds, fringed with glittering gold; and in the distance were to be seen the snowy mountains proudly towering over the heads of the more humble hills below.

Considerable delay now occurred in the formation of the army, and time began to hang heavy on our hands, although we had good hunting, shooting, and racing, and did our best to amuse ourselves when off active duty. But this was not the sort of sport for which we were assembled in arms in this wild and romantic territory of the Nepaulese. Our

object was to reduce this artful and warlike tribe to subjection; for our disasters the year before had made them bold and overbearing, and had incited them to laugh to scorn all overtures of amicable arrangement. They trusted, and not without good cause, to the almost inaccessible nature of their country, and, from their tremendous fortified hills and stockades, looked down with contempt on the little foe below.

The necessary preliminaries to this arduous enterprise having been at length duly arranged, things began to take a more active turn, and in three days after we bent our way towards that forest that for ages past had been the terror of the East, and was indeed a bulwark to the Nepaul territory. Our march was necessarily slow and tedious; but in three days we reached a place called Summarabassah, on the very margin of that terrific forest. On the last day I was in the rear-guard, which did not reach camp until late in the evening, although a distance of not more than ten miles. The roads on which we marched might, with great propriety, be termed bogs. They

abounded with deep nullahs or ravines, with abrupt banks of a clayey nature. Our heavy guns we were compelled to get over by means of men and drag-ropes, for the bullocks had no footing, and many of these poor creatures were much hurt in the attempt to perform this labour. After the camp was in sight, we were three hours before we reached it. We had marched at about four o'clock in the morning, without breakfast, expecting to reach our ground by nine, the usual time, instead of which we did not get in until past four o'clock in the afternoon, and then half famished.

We at last reached camp, in front of which, in a kind of inlet to the forest, stood a large building, two stories high, forming a square. This was built of stone, and tiled; and had only one entrance, which was a small door. This security was, no doubt, to protect the inmates against depredation, and from the nocturnal visits of savage animals. It was supposed to have been the residence of the collector of the lowlands or valleys. At this place we established a strong depôt, or principal post of communication, where

we could deposit cumbersome or superfluous stores with safety. On the forest side we erected a strong breast-work or stockade, with a wide and deep ditch, and embrasures for some guns—I now forget the number—I think four.

The following day, Captain Gully, Lieutenants Masterson, Lee, Bowes, and Ensign Shipp, must needs take a morning ride, and a peep into this dark and dreary forest,—the awe of man, and the haunts of beasts. We had not gone far, when we saw several bears near a water-brook,—no doubt for the purpose of a morning swim, for the weather was warm. A little further, we struck into a path, about a yard wide, which we all agreed to explore. On each side of this path the underwood was thick and dark; the trees were of an enormous and gigantic size; every hundred yards were places where it was evident that fires had been kindled; and large trees had been cut down, and were piled across the pathway, for the prevention, beyond question, of intruders. We rode on till prudence suggested the propriety of returning; but our curiosity was not yet satisfied, so we mutually

agreed to proceed about two miles further. At last we came to a fire which was still burning. Here we called a consultation, and at last again agreed to proceed about two miles further. This distance brought us so close to the hills, that we could discover men moving on them. About a mile further was the end of the dark and frightful forest of Nepaul, which, the year before, had kept five thousand men at bay. At the end was some open ground, with large clumps of bamboo trees, and the open space pebbly. It was evident that this space was covered with water during the monsoons. We still rode on a little further, until at last we saw some men running across the road, whereupon we unanimously agreed that it was high time to return, having satisfied our curiosity to the full, and at the risk of our lives. We were fearful that they might have observed us, and have despatched a detachment to cut off our retreat; and we now began to count our beads of repentance; but the trial was to be made,—so on we pushed, and reached camp without molestation, thanking the auspicious stars that were our safeguards. The

distance we had ridden was about thirteen miles, which, being doubled, made a pretty good morning's ride; add to which, that during the excursion we had leapt over about a hundred large trees. For this piece of palpable indiscretion we were, as we richly deserved, most severely admonished; but the information which we had gained was truly acceptable, and we the following day commenced our march, taking the road which we had so rashly explored, preceded by pioneers, who soon cleared a way, and made a good carriage-road. We had scarcely any stoppage, nor did we see a soul of the enemy. If small stockades had been thrown across this narrow pathway, our loss of men must have been great; but the supposed inaccessible nature of their mountains made the enemy slumber in security. We soon got through the avenue, and continued our march through the pebbly bed before alluded to. About a mile a-head of this, a small plain opened to view, studded with small bushes, at the extreme end of which the bed of the dry ravine took a direction to the left. Here a most magnificent scene burst upon the sight. The hills

at this point represented a flight of stairs; one reared its golden summit above the other in beautiful succession; the whole of them were wooded with the most beautiful variegated trees and shrubs; and, here and there, majestic rocks elevated their proud heads, and seemed to bid defiance to the besieging enemy. At the foot, or base, of these hills, were posted two strong piquets of the enemy; one on a hill to the right, in a house similar to the one described at Summerabassah: but on our approach they flew into the hills in the vicinity, without giving us a shot in earnest of being our enemy. This silence on the part of a subtle and cunning foe informed us, in plain terms, that something was brewing for us. They seemed to coax and invite us to advance and view their picturesque country. It was necessary to establish here a post of communication, through which we could obtain supplies; for which purpose the house just spoken of was fortified, and a depôt established. Here we waited until this post was well stored with every requisite for war. During this time, the quarter-master-general's department was busily em-

ployed in reconnoitreing the surrounding country; but, from the intricacy of its nature, but little information could be obtained which we could on sure grounds act upon. At last, after our patience was worn almost threadbare with this delay, it was given out, as the firm opinion of the quarter-master-general (grounded on unquestionable information from his trust-worthy spies), that to force an entrance at this point would be attended with the most disastrous consequences. To risk a failure at the commencement of a war against such a foe, would have been the basis of our ultimate defeat and destruction; and it appeared, from information not to be doubted, that in the direction which we had thought of taking, there were stockade upon stockade, and fort upon fort. The attempt, therefore, to prosecute our enterprise in this direction, under all these circumstances, could be considered in no other light than wantonly knocking our heads against the flinty rocks, or offering our shattered limbs as wadding for the enemy's guns, or our bodies to fill up some deep vacuity in their new and numerous stockades. We had more than fifty years' dear-

bought experience, and an officer seventy years of age for our guide. The young and inexperienced officers, in the ardour of youth, felt mortified at this information; and, had their will and feelings been consulted, they would have madly rushed to their graves.

It was the opinion of the more calm-thinking and experienced men, that if, after the information we possessed, we had proceeded in the same track, and a failure had been the result, the whole dishonour of the catastrophe would have fallen on the head of the commander, and have been visited with the government's disapprobation and censure; but we had at our head a soldier possessing every requisite for such a critical campaign, and whose thoughts were now turned to some more practicable part of the country. Every one was actively engaged in the attempt to discover some new road, path, or ascent. Spies had now been absent two days, and some apprehensions were entertained as to their safety, knowing the barbarity of the Nepaulese; but on the evening of the third day they returned; but not a syllable could be gleaned from

the quarter-master-general's department: every ear was on the listen, to catch the slightest hint, but all was silence and secrecy throughout the camp. Rumours were flying about, and strange stories were circulated; but the prevailing opinion was, that we must give up the campaign, on account of an impossibility of access into the enemy's country. This was a death-blow to our hopes. The attempt to force the entrance above alluded to, would have been through the Chirecah Ghattie Pass; but this was wisely given up as hopeless. There was a small ravine branching off from the bed of a dry river, in which our encampment lay, and its entrance looked like the dreary access to some deep cavern. From thence the spies last came. The moon rose in all her splendour, gilding the tops of the golden-leaved trees, and all was silent, save the falling of the distant cataract, when a faint whisper, borne on the refreshing breeze of night, said, "Prepare to move;" and in one hour after we entered this little gaping cavern, leaving the principal part of our force for the protection of our standing tents and baggage. We

were equipped as lightly as possible. Two six-pounders were conveyed on elephants, and our march seemed to lie through the bed of this ravine, which was rocky, and watered by a crystal current, that rippled along its flinty bed. We did not proceed at the rate of more than one or two hundred yards an hour, ascending and descending every twenty paces; at one time deep sunk in some dark excavation, and shortly afterwards perched upon the summit of a rock, the falling of the numerous cataracts drowning the noise made by our approach. The night was cold and chilly, but as light as noon-day: not a cloud was to be seen; the sky was one sheet of beautiful blue; but in some of the excavations, where the blessed moon never condescended to show her bright face, we were obliged to go back to boyhood, and have a game of blind-man's-buff, for in those places we were obliged to grope our way completely in the dark. In these excavations the water was deep and cold; but even in these dreary spots we experienced some pleasure, for occasionally, through little fissures in the rock, we could espy the distant

moon-lit landscape, which appeared as though viewed through a spyglass, and was beautiful in the extreme.

Had the enemy been aware of our nocturnal excursion, they might have annihilated us, by rolling down rocks and stones upon our heads; but, fortunately for us, they slumbered on the couch of fancied security, and heard us not. What with falling and slipping, we became wet through; but, as I had that night the honour of bearing my country's banner, this was a charge, the care of which afforded me neither time nor inclination to attend either to personal annoyance or personal comfort. I felt that, while it was untarnished, I should be proud and happy. My covering-sergeant once had the assurance to ask me to permit him to deprive me of the incumbrance. I really thought I should have jumped down the fellow's throat. "An incumbrance!" I repeated; "how dare you to cast such an imputation on England's pride? No, sergeant: he who takes this colour, when before an enemy, will take with it my life."—"I beg pardon, sir; I did not intend to offend

you, or cast a reflection on that flag under which I have fought and bled." I replied,—" No, sergeant, I know you did not intend to offend me, or cast a stigma upon the colour; but supposing that I should be so imprudent as to give up such a charge to you, and you should lose it, or be killed, or meet with any other accident, which in the course of war we are all liable to, what answer should I make my justly-offended country, when asked, where is the banner which was entrusted to your charge? What excuse would it be to say, I gave it to a sergeant to carry? Should I not deserve to be carried to the gallows? No, sergeant, the post of ensign is one of most distinguished trust, and so long as I hold that commission, nothing but death shall part me and my flag, while it is my duty to bear it; but your offer was that of kindness. Come, let us drink to its prosperity." Here I gave him my little pistol, or brandy-bottle, and, in the most prophetic manner, he said, " Well, Sir, God bless and prosper our old banner; and, ere to-morrow's dawn, may you wave it over a conquered foe." I took a drop, and said, amen. My young friend, who had

journeyed with me from Dinapore, and who was now my chum, had the honour of carrying the other flag, and he also gloried in the distinction; and, although he had some twenty desperate falls, and sprained his thumb, he would not part with it.

Our march now became more and more tardy, and the ascents and descents more difficult and intricate. In some places, rocks of gigantic size hung some hundred feet over head. These sudden and tremendous hills and dales indicated that we could not have far to go; for the last hill was scarcely accessible. The soles of both my boots had long refused to bear me company any further; but I had one faithful soul that bore me through every difficulty and hardship.

The morn now began to break through the cerulean chambers of the east, the faithful moon still lingering on the tops of the western hills, loth to bid us farewell. I was of course in the centre of my regiment. We halted a considerable time,—till broad daylight, when we could see, from where I stood, the soldiers in advance of us, ascending by means of projecting rocks and boughs. We

were halted in a kind of basin, surrounded by high hills. In the course of a couple of hours, the whole of the 87th Regiment, with our gallant general and suite, ascended this difficult ghaut. From this eminence we could see a great distance; and on every hill we could discern signals, which were communicated from post to post. From this we concluded that the enemy had gained information of our approach; but I do not think they knew whereabouts we were, as will appear afterwards, but merely that some of our troops had marched from their old ground.

What will not good examples effect on the minds of soldiers? Our gallant general walked every yard of this critical march, encouraging his men. These well-timed examples will accomplish wonders. The question now was, how to get the guns up, and the powder and shot; but those who are accustomed to wars in India are not often at a loss for expedients. Having got all the men up, except the rear-guard, the pioneers went to work with their pickaxes, some making a road, and others felling trees. As we were but two regiments, the

general's primary object was to place our little force to the best advantage. This accomplished, the guns were our next object. Having cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and lain trees on the ascent, as a footing for elephants, these animals were made to approach it, which the first did with some reluctance and fear. He looked up, shook his head, and, when forced by his driver, he roared piteously. There can be no question, in my opinion, that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and after this he put his fore leg on, with great caution, raising the fore part of his body so as to throw its weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied as to its stability. The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which we could not remove. Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant

keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as, "Wonderful, my life,"—"Well done, my dear,"—"My dove,"—"My son,"—"My wife:"—but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed; he seemed satisfied, as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaut. On his reaching the top, his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the acclivity;—such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure, by

giving a salute, something like the sound of a trumpet. When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up, he slipped, but recovered himself, by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little accident, he ascended exceedingly well. When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaut in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their driver then made them salam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats. On this reward of their merit being ordered, they immediately returned thanks by another salam.

At the top of this ghaut we left five companies

of Native Infantry to protect our baggage, that must necessarily follow through this pass. Pioneers were also left to cut down the hill, so that our large guns might be dragged up by means of men. This arranged, we pushed on for about a couple of miles. Our route lay through the bed of a river, which was then dry, but which, from the enormous trees that had been washed down its current, must be rapid and destructive during the monsoons. I believe the whole distance we had accomplished did not exceed five miles, and we had been upwards of sixteen hours on the move. By the evening, the enemy had learned of our being in their country with a large force, with elephants, guns, &c., which so much alarmed them, that they dared not so much as take a peep at us. They said that we were not men, but devils, and that we must have descended from the skies. Some set forth that we were seen soaring in the air in aerial cars, drawn by elephants. Thus, their idolatrous superstition frightened them out of their wits, and, until some of them, more courageous than the rest, had ventured and felt that we were men, they could not



MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

be prevailed upon to return to their posts, nor would they ever believe that we had ascended the ghaut; and, indeed, to view it even after the hill had undergone such a metamorphosis, it was then almost beyond credit that the whole army, with twenty-four pounders, should have been got up.

Our next object was to keep firm possession of what we had attained with so much difficulty; for which purpose a small hill was selected for the general safety, on which we established outline piquets. From hence we could reconnoitre the surrounding neighbourhood; but we had scared the foe far into the woods and hills. The beauteous sun, which had in mercy dried our wet clothes, was now on the decline, but assumed such an awful colour, that it looked like a blood-stained banner. It had, when this idea came across my mind, half buried itself behind the highest hill visible from our new and exalted situation. When the sun had wholly retired behind the hills, the golden rays which lingered on the scene rendered it truly magnificent and ravishing. The mountains in the distance were so high, that their tops seemed

to touch the clear blue clouds, while those which exceeded the others in height seemed pushing their smaller neighbours headlong, to crush the foe below.

When the sombre robe of eve began to spread itself over the beauteous scene, fires were seen as far as the eye could reach. These were signals of alarm, and we could not expect anything less than a desperate effort to drive us down the ghaut again; for the prevention of which every possible preparation was promptly made. We were cold, hungry, and barefooted. There had been an order that every man should bring three days' provisions; but, by some mistake, this order had been neglected to be properly communicated, for it ought to have been verbally published on the morning of the day we marched. The expectation of something to do in the night made us forget the cold and hunger. An additional outline and advanced piquet was ordered, and I was the next for duty. This piquet was thrown out about two hundred yards in front of the others,—a subaltern's piquet. The first line of piquets threw out a chain of double sentinels, the

extremities of which formed a link with those thrown out from the hill above, forming one-eighth of a circle round the general body. Mine was rather a piquet for reconnoitreing, and, in case of alarm, to join the first piquet behind me. It was now about twenty hours since we had had anything to eat. I was therefore hungry, and, consequently, in good watching order, for an Englishman is always irritable and peevish when his belly is empty. Repose was quite out of the question, for bedding we had none, except the earth. I could not sleep myself, and I took care that my little piquet did not slumber on their posts. Of water there was plenty, for a most lovely crystal brook murmured close by; but we were quite cold enough without that. It grew dark and lonely, fires being forbidden to those on piquet, while those on the hill had enormous ones. Speaking beyond a whisper was also forbidden. Thus posted, we fully expected to be attacked; for the enemy was famous for night-work. I visited my sentinels every quarter of an hour. I could always find them by their teeth chattering. I had forbidden them from challenging me, as I gave them

to understand I should always whistle when I was going round, and thus the enemy would stumble upon my little piquet, and we could, if overpowered, retreat to a stronger. Thus things went on till the moon rose in all her eastern splendour, which enlivened the scene considerably; for, when she was thoroughly roused from her slumbers, we could see a great distance. All was hush as the tomb, save the crackling faggot, and the distant roaring of beasts of prey. All of a sudden, two of my sentinels bellowed out so that the echo resounded again, —"Who comes there? Who comes there?" Bang! bang! went both their muskets, and, in an instant, my whole piquet were on the spot; and the whole line were ferretted out of their beds of dried leaves; guns loaded; matches lit; all was ready for the conflict: when it was found that the alarm was occasioned by a bear or tiger lurking close upon our post, and which, in all probability, if not timely disturbed, would have walked off with one of our men. The circumstance was explained to an aid-de-camp who had arrived, and all was again quiet; and the two sentinels got finely roasted by their

comrades, who had been obliged to turn out from their hiding-places. Naught now was heard, save some pathetic execrations on the disturbers of the night, by some poor fellow who had lost his warm birth. Thus passed the night. This was in the month of January, and a bitter night it was.

The following morning it was truly laughable to see the men crawling from a huge heap of dried leaves, like pigs out of their straw. Thus enveloped, they had managed to keep themselves warm during the night. Some companies' liquor and biscuit had arrived; and, a short time after daylight, my men and myself had something to eat, in the delights of which meal we forgot the cares of a soldier, smiled on the hardships that were passed, and thought little of those to come. I had some tea, which revived me much. I must confess I do love to be on duty on any kind of service with the Irish. There is a promptness to obey, a hilarity, a cheerful obedience, and willingness to act, which I have rarely met with in any other body of men; but whether, in this particular case, those qualifications had been instilled into

them by the rigid discipline of their corps, I know not, or whether these are characteristics of the Irish nation; but I have also observed in that corps (I mean the 87th Regiment, or Prince's Own Irish), a degree of liberality amongst the men I have never seen in any other corps,—a willingness to share their crust and drop on service with their comrades; an indescribable cheerfulness in obliging and accommodating each other; and an anxiety to serve each other, and to hide each other's faults. In that corps there was a unity I have never seen in any other; and, as for fighting, they were very devils. During the peninsular war, some general officer observed to the Duke of Wellington how unsteadily that corps marched. The noble duke replied,—"Yes, general, they do indeed; but they fight like devils." So they always will while they are Irish. In some situations they are, perhaps, too impetuous, but, if I know anything of the service, this is a fault on the right side; and what at the moment was thought rashness and madness has gained Old England many a glorious victory.

Our magical or aerial flight up the ghauts, with

guns and elephants, seemed to have bewildered the enemy, for we could not get a glimpse of one of them; and it is not clear to me that they had not flown to their capital, to see if some of us had alighted there, or that we were not soaring in the air in that vicinity.

The sun rose in majestic splendour, and the scene before us was a little world of woody hills and valleys. The brilliant rays of the luminary of day exhibited to the eye nature's master-piece in scenery. Golden woods that would have defied the pencil of an artist, and which surpassed the sublimest creation of the imagination; glittering hills, that vied in brilliancy with the rising sun; rippling rills, that whispered, "Come, ye thirsty souls, and drink of the crystal brook; and, ye passing seraphs, stay and dip your wings in the pure stream, ere ye ascend to the realms of love;" lofty towering pines, that nodded "Come and see the things on high;" and cataracts, that rushed headlong down the rocky cliff, and imparted a wild beauty to the whole beyond the power of words to describe. There sighed the weeping willows, which, by the

cool brook-side, dipped their new-born leaves in the rippling waters, to steal more tears that they might weep again. There sported the golden fish, sheltering themselves from the meridian sun, beneath the shade of the over-hanging foliage. There grew the blushing rose, calmly reposing on its downy moss, and smiling that it had, when fair maidens were asleep, robbed their cheeks of all their beauty. There flourished the gaudy tulip; and the blue-eyed violet dwelt on the mossy banks. The little minstrels of the grove tuned their morning notes, and their seraphic melody lulled the whole to sweet repose. Oh, that ever human blood should defile these beauteous scenes! or that the horrors of war should disturb the sweet harmony established by nature in the fertile valleys of this sweet and picturesque country! But in this paradise of beauty dwelt a cruel and barbarous people, proverbial for their bloody deeds, whose hearts were more callous than the flinty rocks that reared their majestic heads above their woody mountains. They are more savage in their nature than the hungry tiger that prowls through their dreary

glens; cruel as the vulture; cold-hearted as their snowy mountains; subtle and cunning as the fiend of night; powerful as the rocks on which they live; and active as the goat upon the mountain's brow.

We were obliged to proceed with caution, and with our eyes open, step by step. We had intended to have remained here the whole of this day, to enable our supplies to come up; but these having arrived early, we commenced our march in continuation of the same bed of the river. We had not been in motion an hour, before the enemy's fires were lighted, as signals that we were again on the move. Our march was difficult, as we were obliged to cut our way through underwood, and pass through several rivers, which much impeded our progress. These streams are fed and nourished from the tremendous cataracts from the high hills before us. We found that the enemy had strictly watched our movements during the night; for every quarter of a mile we advanced we found fires still burning, and some earthen cooking-vessels in which they had boiled their rice. Having proceeded about a mile, we came to a sudden

and abrupt turning in the river. Here we halted, and the Light Company was sent on to reconnoitre. We then moved on again, and when we had rounded the turning of the river, which swept round the bottom of a little hill, a small plain opened to our view. It was fertile with a kind of yellow grass, that perfumed the air with its odour, something like sandlewood. This grass, we were informed afterwards, was a deadly poison. Here we came to another halt, our spies having returned, and informed us that we were not far from a very strong post of the enemy. This news flew through the ranks like wildfire; the flints were adjusted; bayonets firmly fixed on; cartridges arranged; and every eye beamed delight. I did not much like my present situation, in the centre of the regiment; it was not what I had been used to; but, being one of the youngest ensigns, I was obliged to comply. I thought it strange that the colours should be in the centre, and would, if I had dared to make such a proposition, have suggested that they might be moved to the front; but my commanding officer, good and kind as he was, would, I am sure, have

rode me down for my impudence; so I contented myself by getting on the toes of my lower extremities, and peeping over the men's heads to see what was going on. The Light Company were busy all this time in exploring and examining the localities on our right and left, that we might not be hemmed in. This is a necessary precaution in a mountainous country; for the enemy may open the door to you and bid you enter, and, when well in, may shut you in, so as to leave you no possibility of escape. Young officer, never be inveigled in this manner, but take care—especial care, that you can always insure that last extremity,—a good retreat. My eyes lingered on the Light Bobs as they ascended the surrounding hills, and I wished to be with them, to see what was to be seen. This was a most critical campaign, and required more prudence and caution than I ever possessed in the whole course of my life. In such a country you could not tell but your next step might be in the cannon's mouth. I was thus thinking, when I saw the adjutant running towards the centre of the regiment, vociferating,—"Pass the word for Mr.

Shipp; pass the word for Mr. Shipp."—" Holloa!" thought I, "what's all this about?" At last he came up to me, and said I was to join the Light Company immediately. This was making me a Light Bob, indeed. I made over the colour to my covering sergeant, by the adjutant's desire; but, at that moment, a thought struck me, that perhaps this was the last time I should ever bear it, for I could not foresee but that that day—nay, that fleeting hour, might be my last; so I pressed the colour to my bosom and kissed it: why should I be ashamed of it? I was a soldier, and the oft blood-stained banner was my pride.

I soon joined the Light Bobs, for I could run and jump with the best of them, and the column now proceeded slowly. The fine Light Company of the 25th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry were with us, and there was the greatest intimacy between this Native Company and ours, and more familiarity and good-fellowship than I had ever witnessed during my course of service in India. We now ascended a small hill, at the bottom of which we saw several men running away. Our

soldiers were not cruel, nor did they ever wantonly throw away their fire. A soldier ought to guard every round intrusted to his care, for the protection of his country and himself, as the apple of his eye; many a brave man has lost his life in battle for the want of a round of ammunition, which, in all probability, he had been careless of at the beginning. It is not only a crime, but a folly, for men to be wanton in this particular. I took about ten men with me, and the acting adjutant followed, and we soon came up with these poor frightened and bewildered creatures. They threw themselves on the earth, but did not supplicate for mercy, a thing unknown amongst themselves. They seemed rather to meet the pointed bayonet, than to run or cringe from it; but, when they saw that we did not lay on them the finger of harm, they kissed our feet and then the earth, in token of gratitude. These poor creatures were not soldiers, but poor, solitary, and oppressed villagers, that had been sent for rice, of which they carry great loads, by a strap or belt over their heads, in baskets made of the

willow-twig. We were directed by our general to let them go, that they might tell our enemies that we were not blood-thirsty murderers. When this was communicated to them by one of their countrymen, the eye of fear brightened up; we could see the tear of joy in their eyes; they bowed a hundred times in the most abject prostrations to our feet; then stood towards their village, seemingly dispossessed of any fear. I dare say these poor starving creatures would willingly have sought protection under the shadow of our mercy, rather than return to be the slaves of a tyrannic government.

We now came to a wide river with a rocky bed, and, a little higher up, was the strong post before alluded to. We could see the ends of the houses standing some thirty yards from the river, whose banks, at this place, were high and abrupt. We therefore crossed a little lower down, when the 87th Light Company was pushed on at a good round trot. Here was a square building, something like what I have before described at Summerabassah, but on a much larger and stronger

scale. This we surrounded and entered. About fifty men were in this place; but, on seeing us enter, they ran out at an opposite door, but were met by the European soldiers. Many of them escaped; the others, some of whom showed fight, were killed. The house was empty, except that some unshelled rice and saltpetre were strewn about it. On looking round, we discovered another building of a similar nature, about three hundred yards further in the wood, to which there was a narrow path. Into this we struck, and expected, every moment, to be saluted with the contents of a canister of grape, or with a volley of musketry; for the building commanded this road or pathway from two or three hundred loop-holes. In this building, or, rather, near the door of it, lay a man dead, dreadfully mutilated. We pushed in, and the few soldiers that occupied the house ran out into the wood, which was close to this building, and thus escaped, with the exception of about five or six, who were shot by some good marksmen. This house was also empty, save that some little grain was scattered about here and there. They

did not, I should suppose, expect us to dinner, although their cooking utensils, well filled, were boiling on the fire. These we broke for fear of poison, a crime they were fully capable of. On looking at the poor mutilated man, he was discovered to be one of our spies, respecting whom our kind-hearted quarter-master-general had expressed the most anxious solicitude. My expressions, in describing these savages, may have been thought to have been too severe and exaggerated, when I accused them of being barbarous and cruel; but the reader shall now judge for himself whether or not this accusation was unfounded.

In all nations, even in Europe, the practice of punishing spies is recognized as just; but their execution is generally public, and not without the sanction and approbation of the Governor or Commander-in-Chief; and no piquet, post, or guard, dare inflict the penalty of death. This poor creature was seized, and literally cut to pieces; and it was supposed, by the medical people, that he must have died a death of extreme agony, for the ground under him was dug up with his struggling under

the torture which had been inflicted on him. His arms had been cut off, about half way up from the elbow to the shoulder; after which it appeared that two deep incisions had been cut in his body just above the hips, into which the two arms had been thrust. His features were distorted in a most frightful manner. Our poor fellows wept bitterly over the sight, and swore, in the bitterness of their anger, that they would revenge this foul and bloody deed; and I had great difficulty, with their gallant captain, in restraining them from following those savages into the wood. The pioneers having arrived, the poor wretch was committed to his last home, amidst the sympathy of all around.

Ettoondah was the name of the place where this barbarous murder had been committed, and a more lovely or more picturesque spot there is not in the created world.

Here we had some tolerably good fishing, by tying our horse-blankets together, and then dragging the stream. We remained here some days, for the purpose of making this our grand depôt, for which purpose, in the lower house, which was

better situated than the other, and not so near the wood, we built a large and strong stockade, with six embrasures for guns. This house we converted into store-rooms, and here we left all our superfluous baggage. I had no superfluities; one thing on and one off was quite enough for any man on such a service, and I often regretted, with many of my brother officers, that we had not brought packs, like the men, which would have carried our all safely, and entirely relieved us from the apprehension which we now felt of losing those things not immediately in our presence.

The domestic fowls, kept by the natives, had strayed into the adjoining woods, and there bred, and had become very numerous. At night they roosted on the trees, without any apparent fear of molestation. Firing was most strictly prohibited within a mile of camp; and justly so, or we should, if permitted, have had the soldiers firing away their ammunition, and the camp alarmed. Many of the fowls, however, were caught and eat.

## CHAPTER IV.

In three or four days we again moved on. The 87th being the only European corps with this part of the division, we always led the column, or, rather, formed the advance-guard. We commenced our march; and rather wishing to see, instead of groping, our way, we went on through a dense thick wood for a couple of miles, through which there was a tolerably good road, so that our troops travelled with comparative facility. When at the end of two miles, we came to a small open space, where several fires were still alight and burning, and earthen pots left behind. About the middle of this little plain was a river about knee-deep. On the margin of the wood on the opposite side of this river, several people were seen peeping through the green foliage, watching our movements. We entered another thick

wood, which brought us to the bank of another river; but the road did not cross it, but went along the left bank, under a small hill, from which it had apparently been cut by manual labour. This was rather a dangerous place to enter. A high and inaccessible hill was on one side, and a deep bank and river on the other; and on the opposite side of the river was a kind of rising bank, behind which the enemy might be lying in ambush, and waiting till we had got well in before they commenced firing. In this case their fire must have been very destructive from both sides, without the possibility of escape or defence, and the confusion would have been dreadful. But Major-General Sir David Ochterlony was not to be entrapped in that manner; these points were scrupulously explored before we attempted to enter such a place of insecurity.

At the end of this winding road, there opened to the view an extensive valley, and, here and there, small straggling villages, consisting of some ten or more huts; but very few people could be seen, and those few were poor villagers. We

continued our march for about half a mile further, when we saw on our left an extensive village, and, on the hills immediately in its rear, an immense number of people, seemingly soldiers, for we could see spears, colours, &c. We immediately bent our way towards this village, as we saw numerous people running to and fro. When near, we got into double-quick time, and then separated into files, with our pieces loaded. I went into several huts, where nothing but a set of poor decrepit old people could be seen. About twenty or thirty yards further, I saw a two-story brick house, probably the Zemindar's, for there was no other. Here I saw several good-looking and well-dressed men run in and shut the door. I broke it open, with the assistance of some of my men. When I entered the lower floor, I found there were several men there. One was sitting; but having gone from the light, and a bright sun, into comparative darkness, I could scarcely see. I was, therefore, obliged to prick my way with my old 24th Dragoon sabre; and I just recovered my vision in time to see a man aiming an arrow at me. I struck at the

arrow, which was close to me; but, from the indistinct light, I could not make sure of my aim. He let fly, and the arrow could not have been more than a hair's breadth from the side of my head. It stuck in the door-post, when a soldier of the company, by name Quanbury, stopped his shooting, by shooting him, for firing at his officer. The others begged for mercy, which was willingly granted. Never did I see a man in the 87th Regiment wantonly commit an act of cruelty. We took them prisoners, but they were ultimately discharged, and permitted to return to their villages or homes.

A little further on, we came in sight of Muckwanpore Valley, and an immense long line of huts. These, we afterwards were given to understand, were the summer quarters of the enemy's soldiers. On our left ran a ridge of hills, covered with variegated shrubs and trees. On this range of hills we could see soldiers posted in immense force, but they attempted not to molest our line of march, although sometimes, I am sure, within shot of their ginjalls. They seemed rather to be on the de-

fensive than the offensive, as we should have imagined. Various were the opinions as to their apparent indifference to our running all over the country. From these huts, or military cantonments, we could see the fort of Muckwanpore, and innumerable large stockades on the hill in the rear of the one immediately in front of the before-mentioned huts. The fort appeared some miles off, and looked like a speck in the sky; but, no doubt, the approaches to it, protected as it was by the stockades which we could see with the spy-glass, were extremely perilous. We encamped in the lines which had been left by the enemy, and could not have been more than one mile and a half from the summit of this hill. However, they still continued passive, sitting upon their legs, watching our movements. Our position was secure and strong, being on two sides surrounded with a deep nullah, with a nice rippling stream.

The following morning was occupied in looking about our new encampment, and seeing what was in the adjoining woods. We found nothing but a few partridges and woodcocks, and these we could

not shoot, being too near camp. About a mile behind the camp the whole scenery around was truly romantic, from the white and craggy rocks, apparently living in the clouds, behind which not a tree nor a shrub was to be seen. These could only be seen night and morning, or when the sky was clear; at other times, these hills could not be discovered through the clouds. The fort itself seemed high, and almost beyond the power of mortal ascent. For the first time these ten nights I obtained some sleep, having no charge, and no care on my mind. Sleeping in my clothes was no inconvenience to me. I slept soundly till the broad daylight broke in through the crevices of the tent. I rose in the morning sprightly as a lark, and indulged myself with dry and clean linen, which was quite a treat. I felt so refreshed, that I was quite another being from the day before, and fit for anything. I took a stroll round my brother officers' tents; paid my devoirs to my commanding officer, which I never failed to do once a day, as a duty, and a respect due to his rank. I was invited to breakfast with him; after which, as we were

standing looking at the hill, we were not a little surprised to find that the strong piquet of the enemy, which was posted there the night before, was not to be seen. Two of our men were brought before the commanding officer, for having gone beyond the outline piquet. The fact was, that these imprudent fellows had been upon the hill, where the piquet had been, unarmed. After admonishing them for their imprudence and disobedience of orders, the commanding officer asked one of them what he saw; he replied, "Nothing at all, your honour, but a great big piquet; and sure they were not there, but all gone." He added, that "all their fires were alight, because he saw them burning."

"And what did you see on the other side of this first hill?" asked the colonel, trying to smother a laugh.

"Nothing at all, your honour."

"Are there hills or valleys on the other side?"

"Neither, your honour; only a mighty big mountain, as big as the Hill of Howth."

"Did you see any men?"

"Divel a one, your honour, except one poor old woman in one of the huts, and she was after going when she saw me and Pat Logan coming near her."

"What took you there?"

"Fait! we both went to take a big walk, for we were quite tired doing nothing—that's all, your honour; so I hope no offence."

"Fall in, the Light Company!"—"Light Company, fall in!" was bellowed through the whole line of encampment. The colonel flew to the right; the adjutant to the left; I ran one way; and the two men jumped another, for they both belonged to the Light Company. Scarcely had I reached the parade, when three parts of the company were under arms, with our noble general at the head, getting men together. It was five minutes only from the first order when we marched off, not a man absent. We soon found, by the direction we took, that the taking of the hill was to be our object. We moved on slowly, for it was a good half mile up the hill, and the ascent winding and steep. Our lads seemed as merry as crickets. In

five minutes after we heard firing on the top of the hill to our right. This proceeded from a small reconnoitreing party that had a short period before gone up, under Lieutenant Lee, of the 87th Regiment, and Lieutenant Turrell, of the 20th Native Infantry, a brave young volunteer, who fell an early victim to his zeal. The design with which this reconnoitreing party had been despatched up the hill, was to protect the quarter-master-general in the execution of the duties incident to his department. This party being observed from the fort of Muckwanpore, which overlooked the ground on which they were reconnoitreing, a large body of the enemy, who had, without orders, vacated the post immediately in front of our encampment, were despatched to re-occupy the position which they had deserted, and in their advance they fell in with our reconnoitreing party, who, as they were not in all above twenty men, were of course obliged to make a precipitate retreat. In this disastrous skirmish, poor Lieutenant Turrell was cut to pieces, and several others of the party killed and wounded. As the party which had been thus sur-

prised was making the best of their way down the hill, we made the best of our way up. We were supported by our old friends, the light company of the 25th Native Infantry. The ascent was most difficult, there being only one narrow pathway, by which we were obliged to ascend almost one by one. When about half way, or three parts up, we came to a small flat spot, about fifty yards long, and twenty wide. Here our noble captain sounded the assembly. We could now see the enemy, like ants, creeping and lurking about, and busily engaged in secreting themselves behind trees and stones. I presumed to recommend to the captain of the Light Company, that our forming in a body would bring on us a destructive fire, and that we had better fight them on their own system, which was, extending, and every man availing himself of tree or stone, and a rest for his piece. This was sure to be attended with success; and, however brave a man may be, he never ought to be above advice. Our captain readily saw the danger that would attend our forming, and therefore immediately sounded the extend; then the advance; and

the fighting soon became warm on both sides. The enemy maintained their ground, and fought manfully. I hate a runaway foe; you have no credit for beating them. Those we were now dealing with were no flinchers; but, on the contrary, I never saw more steadiness or more bravery exhibited by any set of men in my life. Run they would not; and of death they seemed to have no fear, though their comrades were falling thick around them, for we were so near that every shot told. At last some of their men began to give way, and as we were ascending rapidly, their commander, or one of their principal officers, attempted to rally them. Having succeeded in this attempt for the moment, the said officer had the impudence to attack and put his Majesty's liege subject, John Shipp, ensign on full pay, and in the full vigour of his life and manhood, in bodily fear, on the King's high hill of Muckwanpore, on the afternoon of——I now forget the date, he so frightened me. He was a strong powerful man, protected by two shields, one tied round his waist, and hanging over his thighs as low as his knees, and the other on the

left arm, much larger than the one round his waist. From this gentleman there was no escape; and, fortunately for me, I had my old twenty-fourther with me, which I had two or three days before put in good shaving order. With this I was obliged to act on the defensive, till I could catch my formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, I guarded; he thrust, I parried; until he became aggravated, and set to work with that impetuosity and determination, pretty generally understood by the phrase "hammer and tongs;" in the course of which he nearly cut my poor twenty-fourther in pieces. At last I found he was winded; but I could see nothing of the fellow, but his black face peeping above one shield, and his feet under the other; so I thought I would give him a cut five across his lower extremities; but he would not stand still a moment; he cut as many capers as a French dancing-master, till I was quite out of patience with his folly. I did not like to quit my man; so I tried his other extremities; but he would not stand still, all I could do. At length, I made a feint at his toes, to cut them; down went his shield from

his face to save his legs; up went the edge of my sword smack under his chin;—in endeavouring to get away from which, he threw his head back, which nearly tumbled off, and down he fell; and I assure you, reader, I was not sorry for it, for he was a most unsociable neighbour. I don't know whether I had a right or not, but I took the liberty of taking his sword, gold crescent, turban-chain, and large shield. The latter I sported on my left arm during the action, and it was fortunate for me that I did, for I found that the shield was ball-proof, and I should have been severely wounded, had I been deprived of this trophy. Our gallant captain fought like one of the old Fogs, and his men, as I had been told, were indeed "divels to fight." The very noise they made would have frightened old Harry himself.

The enemy fought furiously before they gave up the hill; indeed, many of them rushed upon our bayonets in the most reckless and desperate manner. Being at last compelled to give way, they took up their station on the adjoining hills, and in the ravines and valleys below, and their fire for a

time was destructive. As we had now gained the hill, we had proceeded to the extent of our orders. Here reinforcements poured up to our assistance, and two six-pounders, which had been sent up immediately after us, now began to play with grape on the poor and brave fellows who had sought refuge in the dells below. The havoc was dreadful, for they still scorned to fly. During our ascent, some shells had been thrown by our artillery below, from some howitzers in front of our encampment, to the right of the ridge of the hill, where the enemy, in immense force, had been observed runing down to the assistance of their beaten comrades. This reinforcement of the enemy brought down, to play upon our ascent, a small hill-gun, a three-pounder of about a yard long, which one man could carry. The whole of the ammunition brought by the enemy for this and other purposes, our shells from below reached and blew up, and great numbers were killed and wounded by the explosion When their ammunition was gone, they rolled the little gun down the hill, where we, after the action, found it. Our troops having been distributed

and posted along the range of hills, some of our men were killed and wounded by each other, by their cross-firing at random, where they heard the sound of muskets, but could not see the object. We frequently sounded "cease firing," but to no purpose; and, indeed, it was truly tantalizing to see thousands of the enemy under our very noses, and not to be allowed to fire at them; but, the woods being thick and high, we were fearful of again drawing on ourselves the fire of our men on the opposite hills. Our brave colonel had arrived upon the hill with the reinforcements which belonged to his brigade, and, fearing the same evil, he sounded repeatedly the "cease firing," but here and there some shots were still fired by the Native troops. When he came to his Light Company, I could see the beam of delight in the veteran's eye; but that was no time for compliments. He desired us to cut the first man down who presumed to disobey his often-repeated order of "cease firing;" and he told us to lie down, and on no account to attempt to proceed. At this moment, one of the enemy, who had been annoying us from a thicket

some thirty paces from where I stood, not stomaching the grape, made a movement from his hiding-place. One of our company seeing so good an opportunity, was not to be restrained; he fired, and killed his man. The colonel had nothing but a walking-stick in his hand. Whether he thought it was his sword or not, I cannot say; but he immediately ran at the man and struck him across the nose (in which, by the by, nature had been very bountiful to this individual), exclaiming at the same time,—" You rascal! I have a great mind to have you shot this moment for this pointed disobedience of my orders." At this moment, seeing the enemy, who had secreted themselves in the underwood, ferreted out by our shells, and running off, some of our fellows must, if they died for it, have a shot. This exasperated our little colonel beyond bounds. He was a little lion when roused. He immediately selected one of the men of the Light Company of the 25th Regiment, and ordered him to be shot, which would certainly have been done, had not the adjutant-general of the forces at that time joined the colonel with orders. By this the

colonel's attention was drawn off, and he ran off towards the right. The man, seeing this, ran towards the left, and thus escaped the punishment he justly deserved. Prompt and implicit obedience is one of the grand principles of military discipline; and any officer would have been justifiable in shooting, or cutting down, any such disobedient soldier. Any breach of orders I would at all times punish with a great and heavy penalty. Encourage this, and there is an end to military obedience and discipline at once. The soldier who was struck on this occasion was sensible of the enormity of his crime, and therefore quietly pocketed the more lenient penalty and the counter-march his nose had made towards his cheek, and thought himself fortunate that he had not been deprived of his life.

Naught was now heard but the roaring of the two six-pounders and the whistling of shells. The dying and the wounded lay in masses in the dells and ravines below. In our own company we had, I think, eleven killed and twenty wounded, our total number being eighty only. I do repeat again, I never saw such soldiers. I began to think myself,

in comparison with them, but yet a novice. When the evening began to spread her mantle over the dreary scene, the sombre appearance of the louring sky seemed to mourn, and put on a garb of black, to shield from human eye the ghastly sight below. As long as it was light, we could plainly see the last struggles of the dying. Some poor fellows could be seen raising their knees up to their chins, and then flinging them down with all their might. Some attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt. One poor fellow I saw get on his legs, put his hand to his bleeding head, then fall, and roll down the hill, to rise no more. This was the scene that the evening now closed upon. Reader, believe me when I assure you that these results of war were no sights of exultation or triumph to the soldiers who witnessed them. Willingly would we one and all have extended the hand of aid to them, and dressed their gaping wounds. No brave man will ever exult over a bleeding and wounded enemy. The weapon of destruction is no sooner out of his hands, than he is our prisoner, but not our foe. The sympathetic expressions that fell from the lips of

our brave soldiers, on witnessing these sights, would have done credit to any set of men.

The dark clouds omened a coming storm. I have been told that any particular noise in mountainous countries (more particularly the roaring of cannon), will bring the clouds down from above, and that rain will follow; and I once heard a gentleman account for it in this way. He said that all dark and thick-looking clouds might be said to be reservoirs of water; that any convulsion would bring them down; and that, when at a certain distance from the earth, the earth's attractive power would draw the rain from them, and, when lightened of this burden, the clouds would again rise. How far this may be the case, I know not. I can only say that, if convulsion could cause rain, there was convulsion enough, for the roaring of the cannon kept up one continued re-echo. The evening closed in pitchy darkness.

The pioneers had been sent up, and we commenced intrenching and stockading the hill round the huts, which were in number about twenty. Some refreshments had at this time come up, both

for officers and men. After partaking of some food, it was resolved between my captain and me, that we should watch four hours round, and that he should commence the first four. He accordingly went to post his men, and I took possession, with several men, of a small hut full of good straw, on which I lay down to repose. Scarcely had I closed my eye in balmy sleep, when I heard the unwelcome vociferation,—"Pass the word for Lieutenant Shipp; pass the word for Mr. Shipp; send Mr. Shipp to me." It was the colonel's voice that I heard; so, jumping from my straw, I exclaimed,— "Here I am, colonel; here am I, sir."—"That's right," said the colonel, "I want you to go on duty." He then took me by the hand, and said, —"Shipp, you have verified the recommendations I received from your late commanding officer of the 24th Light Dragoons, and I shall not lose sight of your conduct. From the information our spies have brought, we have every reason to believe that the enemy will, under the darkness of the night, make an effort to regain their lost post, which is of much consequence to them and more to us.

We must, therefore, prepare to meet them with determined force and resistance, or we shall have all our work to do over again. You must take a steady sergeant and twelve men, and proceed down close to the reservoir of water. On this side of the reservoir take up your station. Let your sentinels form a link with the other sentinels on your right and left; and by no means permit your men to lie down or sleep, but see that they watch, and are on the alert. Go; I know I need not explain more to you. Your captain I have posted in a similar situation." The rain now fell in torrents; the thunder rolled in its bitterest anger; and the lightning shot in massive sheets along the mountain-tops, and, by its vivid blaze, showed us a glimpse of the dead and the dying. I found that, close to my post, lay numbers whom I believed dead; but I afterwards distinctly heard, during the cessation of the thunder, the moaning of those below. I don't know any situation more painful than mine was at that moment: a tempest raging in all its terrific forms; surrounded by the dead and the dying; and expecting every moment to be attacked by a cruel

and barbarous foe, from whom no mercy could be expected, should fate throw us into their hands. Nothing but a sense of duty, and the recollection that I was engaged in the service of my country, could have supported me under such circumstances. A high sense of the duties, and an ardent attachment to the profession of a soldier, will enable a man to do that, with comparative cheerfulness, from which, under other circumstances, his feelings would revolt. The enemy were noted for barbarity and craft, and the danger of surprise was great.

Upon the principle that all stratagems are justifiable in warfare as well as in love, a ready excuse may be found for the craft and cunning exercised by this or any other tribe in their own defence; and it is impossible to look even upon the cruelties practised by them, with any other than an eye of pity and commiseration. They are taught from their infancy the art of war; they fight under the banner of gloomy superstition; cruelty is their creed; and murder of their foes the zenith of their glory. Let us not, therefore, condemn too severely these untaught babes of idolatry.

Notwithstanding my dismal forebodings, and the dangerous position which we occupied, the night passed off quietly enough. Towards morning the rain ceased, and the sun rose in all its splendour and majesty; but the scene of death below marred and defiled the more distant prospect, which was magnificent beyond description. The piquets from below were withdrawn after daylight. On going round the hill afterwards, the dead bodies there astonished me. It was scarcely possible to walk without stepping on them. I could not have imagined that the one-twentieth part had fallen; but, as I have before said, self, in action, is the grand and primary object of man's regard. I paid a visit to the dead body of my antagonist of the preceding day. I found that his head hung only by the skin of his neck. He had also a cut in the abdomen, through which the bowels protruded. I found that, in addition to this, he had received a ball in the fleshy part of the thigh; but whether he got this before or after the fall, I do not pretend to say, but I should imagine before, from the direction of the ball. He was a fine-looking man, and

was dressed in a full general's uniform, the same as that worn by our English generals twenty years ago, with the old frog lace, both on the skirts and sleeves, but without epaulettes. When engaged with him, I never dared take my eye off his. Had I not been thoroughly practised in the sword exercise, I must soon have fallen, for he was a very expert swordsman. In a letter* addressed to me afterwards, by Captain Pickersgill, quarter-master-general of the army, I was congratulated on the fall of that distinguished *sobah,* or chieftain.

* The letter here spoken of, I did not receive until about six months after my personal conflict with the *sobah* on the hill of Muckwanpore. In proceeding from Gazapore to Dinapore, some years afterwards (I believe in 1824), my baggage-boat sunk, and this document (with many other testimonials which I had received from distinguished officers under whom I had served) was lost. Captain Pickersgill, unfortunately for me, as well as for himself, had died before I experienced this loss; but I have every reason to believe that a copy of the document may still be found among the Memoirs of the Goorkah war, left by that officer, and I believe in the possession of his brother, Captain Pickersgill, of the Company's service. In the Appendix at the end of the third volume of this work, will be found an official certificate from Major Watson, who was assistant adjutant-general of the forces, attesting the fact of the fall of the sobah by my hand.

His name, the quarter-master-general stated, was Khissna Rhannah Bahader, and that he was the identical officer who had planned and executed the massacre at Summanpore and Persah, the season before, as related by me at page 47. The letter went on to state that he was a great loss to the Nepaul Government, and it was the opinion of the quarter-master-general as well as of Sir David Ochterlony, that the death of this sobah contributed greatly to turn the current of affairs in the Nepaul campaign.

Our next object was to commit the poor fellows who were killed, to the grave, for which purpose an enormous working-party was employed to bury the dead, and take the wounded to our hospitals. In two days, eleven hundred were committed to the grave, having almost one general tomb; and it would have much edified those babblers who rail so much against soldiers' cruelties and vices, to have seen the tear of compassion trickling down the cheeks of both Natives and Europeans on this occasion. Having performed our sad duty, we were relieved at mid-day, and returned to the

lines, amidst the greetings of our comrades at the foot of the hill. The orders of the day were flattering and complimentary to all engaged. These were little trophies gained that no man could rob or cheat us of. Having washed and dressed myself, I went to the hospital to visit both my friends and those that had been, a short day before, my mortal enemies. It had been a considerable time before our wounded men could be removed from the hill, and then the bringing them down so shook them, that, in many cases, inflammation had taken place. Some of these poor suffering fellows seemed to endure the most excruciating pangs. Every comfort that liberality could purchase was afforded to the sufferers, and it gladdened my heart when I went into the tents of the wounded of the enemy, to see some of our Native soldiers on their knees, waiting on and administering comforts to them, while others were whispering sweet words of consolation into their attentive ears, which were the more necessary, as some of these poor creatures had an idea that their lives were only prolonged for a more cruel and lingering death. An ampu-

tation had been thought nccessary on the leg of one of the Native enemy. This he submitted to almost without a struggle. When his leg was off and the stump dressed, it confirmed him in what he had been taught from his infancy, that all white men were almost cannibals, and he asked one of his friends who was lying by him (one of his countrymen), "When he thought they would take the other leg off; as, if he thought it would be long, he would destroy himself." This being understood by one of the hospital attendants, to ease his mind, it was thought proper to explain to him that the act was one of kindness, not of cruelty, and done to save his life. For this purpose one of his countrymen (a spy of ours) was sent for; but nothing but the sight of the same operation performed on one of our Native men could appease and satisfy him. After having witnessed this, he became calm, and felt satisfied that we were not such barbarians as he had been taught to suppose. Our humane general had directed that men of the same caste should attend the wounded prisoners of war, and volunteers in abundance came forward for this be-

nevolent purpose. It was truly a pleasurable and delightful sight to witness those who, but a short day before, had fought hard in the bitterest rancour of their souls, now interchanging the most affectionate civilities.

I have, in the hurry of my narrative, forgotten a circumstance which reflects honour on the soldier whom it concerns. When on the top of the hill where the action raged most, one of the enemy showed himself most conspicuously, fighting like a hero. He had just shot one of our men close by where I stood, when I made towards him, with a man of the name of Quanbury. Finding that he was receding from us, and again loading, the soldier next me fired, and the man fell upon his knees. Quanbury immediately ran up to him (for he still grasped his firelock), and was in the act of running him through, when the man threw down his arms. Seeing this, the brave Irish soldier stayed his finishing blow, exclaiming, "By the powers, my fine fellow, but it was well you were after doing that self-same thing; for had you shot me as you did that other man, bad luck to me if

I wouldn't have blown your brains out, so I would." Here the quarter-master-general came up and took charge of his prisoner, and we passed on to clear the hill of others who were keeping up a heavy fire.

## CHAPTER V.

We were still obliged to carry on our approaches with all possible vigilance and activity; and our discipline was not relaxed in the slightest particular. We were compelled to watch the enemy with a jealous eye, not allowing our late little victory to feed our vanity, or to seduce us from our wonted caution. Every eye was now fixed on the hill which was in front of our head-approach, and various and ludicrous were the reports and opinions, during the day and night, of the movements on the said hill. Fallen trees were magnified into guns and mortars; variegated bushes into soldiers; the light between the trees into flags; and the midnight *ignis fatuus*, on its nocturnal rambles, into torches and lights of the enemy. The rustling leaves, falling down the wintry glen, were construed into the coming foe; and, had one of

our captains been the commander-in-chief, the hill would have been treeless and leafless, for he would have blown them all up instead of the enemy. The glass was never from this gentleman's eye. Could his thoughts and speculations by day and night have been committed to paper, his words would have shone forth in all the radiance of a military vocabulary. What shells would he not have expended upon the poor *ignis fatuus!* All we could do or say, he would not believe us. If he had been our general, we should have been in Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, in half the time. His system was new and wonderful; for, when arguing on the best plan to be adopted, he had always the most happy knack of catching the enemy asleep. But in these notions he happened to have mistaken his men. The Nepaulese soldiers never sleep, or, rather, such is their watchfulness, that you can never surprise them; this misconception of their character would have led him wrong as often as the *ignis fatuus.* It is quite preposterous to hear some men boasting of what they would do if they had the command.

Soldiers are not to judge of the actions of their superiors, but implicitly to obey any orders that may be communicated to them. It is certain, at least, we have no right to promulgate our opinions, to the prejudice of others. I longed for an opportunity of seeing this kill-devil of a captain well tried as a soldier; for, if he killed people as fast by the sword as he did by the tongue, two companies of such men would clear the universe, asleep or awake. However, I never had my wish gratified in this respect, though I do not despair that I may hear of some of his brilliant exploits when he is general, for his merit surely cannot be long before it reach the throne.

While we were parading the company in the evening, the captain observed a man looking extremely ill, and asked him what was the matter with him: "Nothing at all, your honour, only a little scratch one of them spalpeens gave me on the hill yesterday; but, sure, it's nothing worth while talking about." As the surgeon was standing near the parade, he was sent for, and the man went into a tent to show his scratch, as he called

it, when it was found that the ball had carried away the point of his lower rib, and, the wound having been neglected, the surgeon expressed some doubts as to whether the ball was still in or not, when the soldier replied, "I beg your pardon, that's a great big mistake, for here it is," (pulling it out of his pocket) "beat as flat as a crown-piece." He was then ordered to the hospital, but was almost obliged to be dragged there, for he bellowed out, "Arrah, captain, honey, are you going to send me to the hospital before I get satisfaction and revenge for this wound?" He was, of course, obliged to go, and he got better; but, during the campaign against the Nepaulese, he never had the satisfaction he required.

The following day I went on outline-piquet, on a small hill about half a mile from the right of the camp. This was, strictly speaking, a piquet or post of observation, as, immediately behind it, was a small foot pathway from the hill, which our advanced post had not yet reached. It was, therefore, requisite to guard the mouth of this little pathway with great care.

I believe it was when on this service that I had occasion to notice an instance of sagacity in a dog, that may be deemed worthy of being recorded.

In passing the sentinels, I found it necessary to admonish one of them for not challenging in a louder voice. To my astonishment, the excuse which the man made was, that he was afraid of waking a faithful dog of his, that was asleep under a bush just by.

"What!" said I, "then I suppose you sometimes take nap about with this faithful animal."

"Why, yes," said the man, innocently, "sometimes, sir; and, to say truth, I have but five minutes ago relieved him from his post."

"Very candid, truly," said I; "but are you not aware, my good fellow, that you could be shot for sleeping on your post?"

The sentinel admitted that he knew well the consequences to which he would be subjected by so doing; but notwithstanding this, he asserted that he could thoroughly confide in his faithful companion, who, on the slightest noise, would jump upon him, and awake him.

On further inquiry, I learnt that this sagacious and faithful creature would regularly, when his master was on watch, stand his hour and walk his round; that, in very dark nights, he would even put his ear to the ground, and listen; and that, during the period assigned to him as his turn to watch, he would never venture to lie down, but would steadily and slowly walk his round, which nothing could induce him to leave, such was his opinion of the nature and responsibility of his post. The man added, that he once gave him to an officer of the Company's service, who took him from the station where he was (Meerut), to Loodianna, a distance of four hundred miles, and that, the moment the officer let him loose, he returned to his old master, having performed that great distance in two days and a half. That he was on the main-guard the night he returned, and he was awoke by the dog licking his face. It appeared that he had been through the barrack, and visited every sleeping soldier on their separate cots, until he found his master. The man related several anecdotes of this animal: among the rest, he said he was one

day out drinking toddy, some miles from camp, and from the intoxicating effect, and the extreme heat of the liquor, he went to sleep. On awaking, he found his clothes torn in several places, and that he had been dragged more than three yards from the bush under which he had lain down; but what was his astonishment, on getting up, to find a large snake almost torn to pieces, no doubt by his faithful guard! He was a powerful dog,—a kind of Persian-hill greyhound, that would kill a wolf single-handed.

On the following day we opened our batteries on some stockades on the face of the hill intervening between us and the fort of Muckwanpore. The first stockade that we proposed to dislodge, was one about eight hundred or a thousand yards from our battery. We could not approach nearer than this, as a deep and enormous declivity lay between us. This being the case, we were under the necessity of commencing at this great distance. The stockade seemed alive with men. There was also a tent pitched in it, with several colours flying, in token of defiance. Some dozen shells, which were beauti-

fully thrown into this stockade, put some of them to double-quick; the tent soon disappeared, as well as the colours, and most of the men, save now and then one or two taking a sly peep to see what we were about. The eighteen and twenty-four pound balls, however, I am convinced, never had power to penetrate that little edifice of art. It was evidently built of green bamboos. These, when green, are very elastic, and being interwoven, as this stockade seemed to be, there is no question that, at the distance from which we fired, they would resist the power of our balls. We frequently saw men running and picking up something, a hundred yards or more from the place. We could not suppose that they were picking up stones.

In the course of this day we received a communication to admit into camp a Native from the fort, with his attendants, six in number. "Halloa," said one, "what! they have had a sickener, have they?"—"They have had enough on't," said another. A soldier standing near me bellowed out, "Arrah, Corporal Freeman, dear, sure the enemy have got the Corporal Forbes," (meaning the cho-

lera morbus,) "for the Rajah is coming to take *ta* with Sir David Maloney," (this was what our men had christened him, I suppose to make his name shorter). Various were the reports in circulation, and every one had his own opinion. Here again the glass of the noble captain, of whom I have already made honourable mention, was constantly at his eye, looking for this messenger of peace. Sometimes he saw him on horseback; then in his palanquin, attended by one hundred followers. "If he was the commander-in-chief, he would not permit one of them to come within a mile of the camp, armed." One time he saw the Rajah riding on a milk-white steed on the hill; but this procession, unfortunately, proved to be no other than little white clouds riding in the sky. Ten thousand were the methods and styles in which this messenger was to make his appearance, and not one was right, for he arrived carried in something like a sailor's hammock, with one follower. He was a dirty, ill-looking, thick-set fellow, with small eyes, wide face, and a low forehead. In spite of these disadvantages of person, however,

he assumed all the consequence of a nabob; but when we commenced examining his hammock and person, to see that he had no hidden weapon, his ambassadorship was highly offended, and protested that, to use his own words, "He would not permit his holy person (for he was a priest) to be polluted or defiled by the contaminating touch of a Christian." He added, that "he was a high priest, and that, rather than submit to such debasement, he would return to his Rajah, and inform him of the prodigious indign scrutiny of his holy person." He was soon informed, that if he did not submit to the required forms and rules of the East, he of course might return to his master, and tell him what he pleased. He was getting into his hammock for this purpose, when his holiness thought better of it, and said, "Well, you may examine." While I searched his ponderous cumerbund (a long cloth that was wound round his waist), he endeavoured to avoid my touch, by cringing from me, as he would from the bite of a serpent; but I gave his holiness such a twist round, that he thought he would never have stopped. Upon this his eye

darted vivid flashes of fire ; I saw him clench his fists with rage ; he foamed from the sides of his mouth ; and at one time I really thought that the holy personage was about to forget his holiness, and coming to the scratch. Having no secreted weapon upon him, he was permitted to pass, but it was a very necessary precaution to examine such a fellow strictly, for he was a Goorkah, or bastard Tartar, a race pre-eminently blood-thirsty and cruel, and of the same sect with those who committed such wanton cruelties on the poor unfortunate spy at Attoondah. In obedience to our instructions, we passed him into camp, and in about an hour he returned, his sallow face contracted and distorted with all the rage and malice that can make the human features terrific. He passed on in sullen silence, in his heart vowing vengeance, as he had no doubt been unsuccessful in his embassy. His sudden exit, and obvious displeasure, indicated a renewal of hostilities ; at least so said the all-wise captain, who was the very fountain of information, a complete reservoir of the pure stream of knowledge, at least as far as his own opinion went.

Notwithstanding this sage prediction, however, two more days passed away, when another ambassador came into camp;—if not so holy as the former, certainly more like a statesman. This second messenger remained a considerable time in deep and secret conversation with our noble general, who could see as far as most folks, although the service had deprived him of one eye. At last he left, his eye beaming delight. He smiled and bowed as he passed, and we, one and all, immediately flew to the sure channel of information. His opinion was peace; and, for once during the captain's campaigns, he was right, for, the day following, the firing from our batteries ceased, and the uncle to the then reigning Rajah (who was regent) was expected in camp. Every eye was on the look-out for this great personage, and various were the opinions of the anxious multitude, and they were as ridiculous as they were varied. The wise captain was not idle, either with his glass or his tongue. To do honour to the reception of such a personage, the two flank companies of the 87th Regiment, and the two flank companies of the 25th Native Infan-

try, formed a street to the general's tent, where every preparation was made to receive our visitor as regent, and uncle to the reigning Rajah, who was a boy. Having waited some hours after the time, Sir David began to get nettled, and was in the act of withdrawing the troops and setting our batteries to work, when the shrill sound of the war-trumpet, and the roll of the war-drum, were heard, which were signals that the regent was on the move. Shortly afterwards we saw him descending the hill in a superb palanquin, attended by about twenty armed men on foot. At the end of the street he was met by the adjutant-general, quarter-master-general, and several other staff-officers; and, after a little hugging, they led him on, taking his hands in theirs in token of friendship. Thus they proceeded to the general's splendid tent, the street presenting arms, which he perfectly understood, and to which he bowed in return in a most majestic manner. I do not think that in the course of my service I ever beheld a more noble and venerable-looking man. He was most superbly dressed, with numberless daggers

stuck in his cumerbund, and a sword by his side that seemed studded with diamonds and precious stones. His neck, turban, and hands were one mass of jewels. Our brave general met him at the door of his tent, when the greeting was most laughable; something like that of Doodle and Noodle, in Tom Thumb. The manners of our visitor were those of a perfect courtier; but he was free, affable, and jocular. In two hours after the customary sprinkling of scents, the treaty of peace was ratified, and he returned towards home with pleasure in his eye. Here the wise captain ran about, delighted and delighting, saying,—"Did I not tell you so? I knew it—I could not be deceived—the thing was plain. People must have been blind not to have foreseen this event."

Thus ended the fighting against the Nepaulese, this having been the second campaign in what is called the Goorkah war. It was a fortunate thing for all hands that hostilities were thus terminated, for some seventy men of the 87th Regiment had that morning gone to hospital with the dysentery, a complaint that was raging with great violence,

from the damp situation of the valley and the thick fogs that lodged there till nearly mid-day. Guns were ordered down, and we began to prepare for quarters. None were sorry for it, for already were our toes playing at hide and seek through our boots, and our wardrobes were much the worse for wear. We were given to understand, from the quarter-master-general, that the post which we took had been vacated by the enemy's troops, without orders, and that they were sent back re-inforced to retake and keep it, in which attempt, if they did not succeed, their heads were to be the forfeit. This accounts for the desperate manner in which they fought and struggled to keep the post.

Having vacated the hill, and our enemies having now become our friends,—for many of them had already come down into camp for the purpose of purchasing articles in our bazaars,—some three or four of us made a party to visit the fort and stockades; for which purpose we started after breakfast, and reached their advanced out-post. Here we were stopped, and informed that we could

not be permitted to proceed any further, without the permission of the keeledar, or governor of the fort; but that, if we would wait, a man should be sent to ask if we might advance. To this we consented, and, in about half an hour after, the man who had been sent on this errand came back, with two other men, and said the keeledar had been pleased to grant us permission to go, but that we must go unarmed, leaving our swords in the last stockade. The ascent of the hill towards the fort was extremely difficult; and at every turning of the road was a strong stockade with guns, so that our necessary loss in taking these hills and posts must have been enormous, for there was scarcely any footing.

We at last reached the grand fort of Muckwanpore, if it deserved the name. It was built of stone and brick, and was very high; but a dozen shots from our twenty-four-pounders would have levelled it with the ground. Indeed, one bastion had given warning of its intending to stand no longer. The tempests that rage in these hills had shaken its foundation. The gate was strong, but its hinges

were small. On our entering, a small guard at the gate presented arms, a drummer beat the grenadiers' march, and a little fifer played the tune. Both the drum and the fife were of English manufacture. A little further was the tent we had seen in the stockade, at least some part of it. It was riddled like a sieve with our shells, and the top of it was hanging in ribbons. Here we were introduced to the governor, who was seated on a greasy cushion, the pillows of which, though they had once been white, were now the colour of his face. He received us cordially, and shook hands with us most heartily; and he was really a very jolly old fellow, some twenty or twenty-three stone, his fat sides hanging in large flaps over his hips, which we sometimes made shake again with laughter. He paid us many compliments about our fighting and system of warfare, and wanted to know how many thousands we had had killed. When we assured him that we had not lost more than forty, he laughed heartily, and said, we meant forty hundred, for they had lost more than that. We spent a pleasant hour with this fat governor,

who, after we had looked round the fort, had the politeness to parade his regiment for our inspection. I never saw a finer body of men in my life. They were as well armed, and as well equipped in every respect, as our Native troops. After this we returned to camp, and the following morning marched towards cantonments.

As all treaties contracted in India, between Native and European powers, are ever to be held with a jealous and watchful eye (for naught but time can make them valid), it was necessary for us to take up a position to watch the proceedings of our new friends. Under the cloak of friendship, some of the most barbarous massacres have been perpetrated; and treaties have been frequently signed and sealed, and, ere the signature was dry, the enemy have commenced infringing on their contracts and sacred ties. It has even been known that, during the time occupied by the parley necessary for completing such negotiations, the enemy have been busily engaged in making preparations to strike a more effectual blow. It was but prudent, therefore, that we should keep our eye upon them.

In accordance with one of the covenants of the treaty, a British resident, and the usual escort, were to remain at the capital. This escort marched, on the same day we did, to Khatmandoo. Our march was through the pass of Cheriagottee, where the mad-brained young officers wanted to force an entrance. My description of this pass, as I proceed, will prove how fatal and contrary to the dictates of reason would have been any such attempt.

I was on the rear-guard the morning we left the valley of Muckwanpore. The enemy (or, perhaps, I should say our friends) flocked in great numbers, to bid us farewell, or see us depart. The whole of the baggage was nearly gone, when a number of these soldiers gathered round the guard, asking all manner of questions. A most respectable-looking young man, wearing the dress of an officer, came up to me and said,—"Were you not in the action on the hill of Muckwanpore?"

I told him that I had had that honour.

He replied,—"So was I; and I fired three shots at you from behind a tree,—are you not wounded?"

I replied,—"No."

"Well," said he, "I never missed my man before in my life."

I asked him at what period of the action it was that he aimed at me.

"When you were fighting with Sobah Khissna Rhannah," replied he.

"You were not far from your man, then," said I, "for one of your shots struck the peak of my cap."

At this he laughed. He afterwards complimented me on my swordmanship, and said that few could touch the sobah in that exercise. He then asked to look at one of my men's muskets, and he put himself through the manual and platoon exercises, giving himself the word of command in English. I never saw motions more clean or more compactly executed. I asked him where he learned English and the English modes of drill. He replied,—"From Browne," who was a deserter from the Company's European regiment. He added, that a man of the name of Bell, a deserter from the Company's Foot Artillery, had also taught him his exercise, and Browne had instructed him in English. The former, he said, had been made

colonel of artillery, and the latter schoolmaster; but they had both been discharged from the service at the commencement of the war.

At last we moved off, the young stranger shaking me heartily by the hand, and saying,—"I love a brave soldier; and the white men are all brave" This young man, it appeared, was the adjutant of the corps of which Khissna Rhannah, who fell under my fortunate sabre, was colonel.

Our first march was tolerably easy, as it lay under a winding hill, and we reached nearly the top of the pass, and encamped. On the following morning, we despatched our things very early, to prevent them falling into the hands of the people, should they attempt to prove treacherous (which was not at all improbable) after we had descended the ghauts. When under the base of the hill, the road, which had been before wide and tolerably good, narrowed off, and we soon found ourselves sinking down between two enormous hills. The road was scarcely wide enough, in some places, to admit an elephant, with his load, to pass. On each side of this terrific hill, were huge rocks and stones

piled up for our destruction. Some, of enormous size, the least touch would have precipitated upon our heads, and they seemed to have been rolled to the brink for that purpose. There were stockades upon stockades, all looking on and commanding this little and narrow excavated pathway. Had we once entered, as I have before mentioned was suggested by some rash-brained young officers, not a soul could have escaped destruction. I should think that, in the middle of this ghaut, the perpendicular rock on each side must have been five hundred feet high; and, therefore, had there been no other weapons of destruction than the ponderous masses of rock and stone which they could have hurled upon us, our annihilation must have been inevitable, for escape was impossible.

When we reached the other side, the eye was met by stockades, fortified hills in all directions, and strong breastworks thrown across the roadway, which was here somewhat wider; though our road all along was, in fact, nothing more than the bed of a river, surrounded and commanded by numberless little fortified sugar-loaf hills. These the foe

had been obliged to ascend by means of ladders. To complete the destruction these hills must have dealt upon us, they had poisoned a stream of water, either previous to our march from the ravine some ten days before, or since the treaty of peace was signed; but this was timely detected. The poisonous grass I have before alluded to, had been sunk in a kind of basin, which was constantly replenished by water that fell from the rocks behind it. This might be about twenty yards round, and two deep. On the morning of our return, an elephant, belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Rose, of the Company's army, as also a horse belonging to that officer, had preceded the army, and even the baggage. The elephant got his fore feet in the water, of which he drank a little, but seemed not to relish it. The horse could not be induced to drink much, nor would the elephant again touch it. When urged by his keeper, such was his perverseness, that the driver descended, and, on looking at the water, he saw a yellowish colour rising to the surface, which was caused by the pressure of the elephant's feet on the grass.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

The keeper immediately introduced his hand, and pulled out the poisonous herb. This occurrence was without delay communicated to our gallant commander, and never shall I forget his indignation and displeasure at this intelligence. The fact being ascertained by the medical department, and both the elephant and horse dying shortly afterwards, Sir David peremptorily called upon the Nepaul government for satisfaction for this diabolical attempt to poison his army; but they denied all knowledge of such a base transaction, protesting that the heads of the offenders should be the penalty, if they could discover the authors of such a scheme, which they affected to suppose must be the act of some individual who had sustained injury by the war. They promised that a most strict inquiry should be set on foot, and that the result should be made known to our government. Here, I believe, the business ended; at least, we heard no more of it. A guard was, after this discovery, placed on the poisoned water, to prevent any of the cattle that followed from drinking it; and the basin was afterwards filled up by

our pioneers, as an effectual remedy to prevent any other travellers that might be journeying that way from becoming its victims.

Nothing worth narrating happened during our march to our new place of encampment, or where a temporary cantonment was to be erected; save that we went to visit the still exposed bones of those poor creatures who were murdered at Summanpore and Persah. Skulls, and whole bodies, were here to be seen in all directions, and scarcely a tree that had not fifty shots in it. We dropped a tear to the memory of the poor fellows who had here fallen, and committed their fleshless bones to the earth.

Having arrived at our new place of encampment, we found that some temporary barracks had been erected there, for two regiments, the year before. The site of our new cantonment was marked out. It was on the banks of a beautiful lake, well stocked with fish and wild fowl. Here every one commenced building his hut, not knowing the moment we might be called upon to recommence the campaign; for breach of treaties, with such

people, was an every-day occurrence. From the long and uninterrupted friendship which has now subsisted between the two nations, we may, I think, with fairness conclude, that first impressions are the most durable; and, if in my power, I would take especial care not to run the risk of a failure at the beginning of a campaign. An effectual blow then, makes the enemy shy and tame; and the complete victory gained over the Nepaulese, at Muckwanpore, beat them into principles they never knew before. They are, however, still tenacious of admitting strangers into their country, and it is with difficulty that a passport can be obtained to visit any part of their beautiful territory.

In the month of March we had built and completed our bungalows, or huts, containing two or three rooms each; but we had scarcely got housed when we received orders to proceed to Cawnpore by water, a tedious and long trip at that time of the year. I therefore, being almost tired of war's alarms, began to turn my mind towards the object of my affections, with whom I had kept up a con-

stant correspondence during the whole campaign. I asked for permission to proceed by land to Cawnpore. This was readily granted, and I started alone on this long trip—a distance of four hundred and thirty miles.

## CHAPTER VI.

DURING my long and dismal over-land journey to Cawnpore, I propose endeavouring, as well to relieve the monotony of the journey, as to amuse the reader, to sketch a few

## CAMP MISERIES.

Having invited several friends to breakfast after a long and tiresome march, find your traps all lying in a river, five miles from camp. Quite a stranger to some of the invited party.

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Having invited a party to tiffen, on the strength of having received a beautiful gram-fed leg of mutton from a friend, at the moment that the tiffen should be on the table, being informed by your

servant that a Pariah dog had walked off with it. No other meat to be had at that late hour. The inviter having just been reconciled to a brother officer after a misunderstanding, and the said officer being one of your party, your reconciled friend construes the accident into an insult which is aimed at him.

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Being late for marching in the morning, find yourself roused by the drummer's call for getting on the march. Dressing in a hurry, find the drunken bheesty (water-carrier) has mistaken your boot for the goglet in which you carry your water on the line of march. No other shoe or boot to be had, the whole having been sent off the preceding evening.

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Riding fast to overtake the division, find yourself quietly lodged in a gaunchie, a large crack in the earth created by drought. Your horse, alarmed at the accident, runs off, and you are left to walk the residue of the march in your wet boots, the soles of which stare you full in the face before

you have walked five miles. When within a mile of camp, find your horse taking a comfortable bathe in the river, to the great advantage of your new saddle.

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Going round your sentinels alone, as visiting rounds, find, to your mortification, that when the parole is demanded, you have forgotten it. The sentinel, as a matter of course, keeps you a prisoner until the relief comes, notwithstanding all your rhetoric, in genuine English, to the contrary. Bitter cold night; no redress; rules of the service.

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Sending three or four hundred miles for hams, beef, brawn, tongues, &c., and, having invited half the camp to partake of the delicious fare, on opening the cases, find, to your great mortification, that they are inclined to travel farther, being all alive, O!

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Sending the same distance for twelve dozen of wine, find, on opening the bottles, that the stupid

sircar has sent you sour beer. Not a drop of wine to be had in camp for love or money.

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In the hurry of dressing yourself, having slept late on marching-morning, find, after galloping some miles to join your corps, that you still have on your night-cap, instead of your chaco. Obliged to do penance by riding bareheaded the rest of the march, under a scorching sun.

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Exchanging guards with a brother officer, as you have a most pressing engagement on the day you would be on guard in your own turn, find, on that very day, that your friend is taken sick; obliged to mount guard for him, it being your own regular duty, and so well liked in the corps as not to be able to get any one else to take your turn for you.

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Waiting, dressed in full uniform, till twelve o'clock, to receive the grand rounds. They do

not come, and you conclude they will not come. Undress and turn in. When you have scarcely closed your weary eyes in sleep, awoke by a dozen voices vociferating, "Turn out the guard, fall in the guard." Find, in the confusion and hurry of redressing, that you have omitted your small-clothes, to the no small amusement of the rounds and guard.

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From your tent-pins being worn out, which you are not able to replace, find, on the first windy night, that you have the felicity of being enveloped in wet canvass the whole night, your tent having been tired of standing so long on such weak pins.

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Having travelled all night through mud and water, find, in the morning, that the soles of your shoes have parted company from the upper-leathers.

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Giving some poor lame soldier a lift, by lending him your horse for a couple of miles, which he

quietly rides off with, leaving his good-natured honour to toddle the residue of the march—sixteen miles.

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By way of economy, endeavouring to find your way home from the mess on foot, after having finished a couple of bottles of port, find your teeth come in contact with a horse's heels. In making a retrograde movement to escape, find yourself snugly lodged on a buffalo's horns, who, as you are not of his caste, pitches you over the back of a camel.

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Having been out shooting, find, on your return, that the army had marched some hours before. Roaring of cannon and peels of musketry guide you to the field of battle, just in time to be too late, the victory having been won. Awkward situation; your bravery having before this been rather questionable.

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Writing to your servant, who was left sick in hospital, to go to your library and to select a

couple of dozen volumes of interesting books, and send them to you immediately, and which selection you leave to his judgment, find, after paying twenty rupees for their carriage, the following works:—

Dundas's Military Evolutions.
Military Regulations.
Standing Orders of the Regiment.
Mess-Rules.
Articles of War.
Johnson's Dictionary.
Schoolmaster's Assistant.
Calcutta Register.
Five Years' Army Lists.
A Volume of Old Regimental Orders.

And fourteen other volumes on equally interesting subjects.

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Being ordered on piquet upon a sugar-loaf hill, where your heads are amongst the flying clouds, on a bitter cold night, find some difficulty in getting yourself up, much more your great coat; your teeth chattering and keeping time with the whistling wind, now and then saluted with the sonorous growl of the bear or tiger. In your

hurry, having forgotten your pocket-handkerchief, obliged to beg the loan of one from a soldier who takes snuff, being the only one who has one, and, wishing to be neighbourly, take turn about.

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Paying a soldier to carry you across a river, who, when in the middle, sets you down to rest himself, apologizing for the short delay.

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Entrusting a soldier with your rum-bottle to carry, find, on calling for it, that he has drank two-thirds, and made the remainder into three-water grog, fearing that the neat spirit might be too strong for your honour's delicate constitution.

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Giving your servant your great-coat to take care of, being your only covering. Bitter cold night. No servant to be found. Find him, at last, snugly rolled in your said coat, and sound asleep, when you have been starving with cold and nearly frozen to death.

Being obliged to get a dozen grenadiers to pull you out of a quagmire, into which you tumbled while on a night march. Glad to escape with the loss of a boot, which is ingulfed some feet under the mud, and obliged to walk the residue of the march (some ten miles) barefooted, with a corn on every toe, the only mode of relieving which is by hopping occasionally on one foot.

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Having just undressed to steal a comfortable bathe, on rising from your first refreshing plunge, hear the drum beat to arms. The cannonading tells you that the front of the line are engaged. In the confusion, cannot find your clothes or tent. This is the naked truth, that came under my own knowledge during my service in India.

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Just sitting down to a comfortable hot dinner, the first you have partaken of these twenty days, no sooner have you tasted the first delicious mouthful, than you are ordered on out-line piquet, the officer

on that duty having been shot. Under these circumstances, obliged to trust your servant to bring your dinner to you; but, from your not perfectly understanding the language, find afterwards that you have directed him to some other guard. Cold night; no great-coat; obliged to creep under the wing of a grenadier's.

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Thinking yourself a mighty wiseacre, cause your bedstead to be fitted on your camel or bullock trunks, on which you think you may slumber without the possibility of losing the said trunks. When the morning rays break through your tent, find yourself quietly reposing on *terra firma*, and both your trunks gone, the thieves having removed you from the upper to the lower floor. This is not groundless.

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Your piquet being surprised, find, on its coming hand to hand, and man to man, that you have, in the hurry, dropped your sword, to cut five and six with the scabbard.

Taking particular pains to explain to your sentinels that they are to challenge three times, "Who comes there?" and, if no answer is received, to fire immediately, an Irishman, literally adhering to these instructions, when you go your next visiting-rounds, challenges, "Who comes there?" three times consecutively, as quickly as he can bawl it out, accompanied with the contents of his musket.

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Having, in a long campaign, had all your crockeryware broken, obliged to make and drink tea out of tin pots without handles, by which you have the felicity of warming your lips, mouth, and hands at the same time.

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Thinking yourself a knowing hand, get an unusual large chair made, so as to have elbow-room at a crowded mess. Find, on sitting down, that some wag has shortened the legs; so that, when you are seated, your nose is just visible above the table.

Having received an invitation to dine at the opposite end of a long camp, lose your way, but get there just as the party are breaking up, tired to death. Find your friend, by whom you were invited, just sober enough to bid you good night,—sorry for it. Find yourself back just in time to commence the next day's march.

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Tugging away at your hookah, find no smoke; a thief having purloined your silver chelam and surpoose.

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Being on the rear-guard in passing over one of the Malwah ghauts, reach camp on the following morning just in time to commence the next day's march. The army cannot, of course, lose sight of the enemy because you are starving. Nothing to eat, but plenty to drink, having waded up to your waist through many a crystal stream.

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Thinking yourself prodigiously economical, will

not wet your boots and clothes by crossing a brook where others do; but, instead of this, make a desperate leap at a narrower place, and find your self groping for the bottom in some ten feet water. Ten miles further to go.

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Getting up a high tree to reconnoitre the enemy's post, and showing off your agility before the commanding-officer; when, lo! the rotten branch gives way; but, in this emergency, as fickle fortune is ever on the watch to save her votaries, you find yourself suspended by your sash, some fifty feet from the ground, while some wags vociferate, —"Well, captain, what do you see? Are the enemy on the move?" At this moment the colonel's orderly comes,—"Colonel Monson's compliments, Captain F——; will be glad to speak to you *when perfectly convenient.*"

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Slumbering on the couch of ease in a hot summer's night, in camp, find, in the morning, that

your trunks are gone, and you quietly reposing on *terra firma*, and the first object that strikes your eye, as an Irishman would say, is gone: viz. the outside of your tent, which has been cut away by the thieves.

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Enjoying the indescribable pleasure of a bathe, when there is not a breath of air to fan your heated body, scarcely have you taken one sweet plunge, when you hear five hundred drums beating to arms. In the hurry to dress, put on your jacket first, and shirt last; thus equipped, rush into the battle's heat like some wild maniac: marked by the enemy as some officer of considerable note, quizzed by your brother officers, and laughed at by the soldiers.

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Thinking yourself a knowing one on active service, carry half-a-dozen half-boiled eggs in your pocket. This soon gets wind amongst the men, and, in time, reaches the knowledge of your brother officers, one of whom comes up and gives you

a tremendous slap over the repository of your stores, saying,—" Good morning, my dear fellow, how are you? I have not seen you these six eggs (ages, I mean)." In consequence of this trick, you have the pleasure of extracting the contents of your pockets with a spoon, to the no small amusement of the soldiers, who, one and all, tender their services, and whose knapsacks are rammed into their mouths to keep them from laughing outright.

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Dressing in a hurry, having overslept yourself, join your brother officers on parade, and find, by their giggling, that you have got the hind part of your pantaloons in front. A good parade joke. Obliged to back out, by making a retrograde movement from the flank of your regiment, to prevent the soldiers from observing you; but, from the general movement of heads and " eyes right," discover that you have been smoked.

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Dressing in the same confusion, from being late,

find, on your arrival with your company, the men endeavouring to smother a laugh. On a more minute examination of your dress, find yourself with your nightcap on. Good joke, is it not? "Laurels smiled upon his hoary head."—A positive fact.

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Dressing in haste, find yourself with one boot and one slipper on, just in time to commence a twenty-miles' march. Obliged to sham lame to avoid the joke, and to limp the whole march.

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It is quite the go to wear mustachios when in camp; but, from the intense heat, obliged sometimes to shave them off. About the middle of the operation, performed with a blunt razor, by which you have cut five and six to some purpose, while in the act of making a desperate effort to clear away the remaining side, hear a sudden attack upon your line,—no time to finish; but rush in this state into the battle's heat, to the terror of your foe, and the amusement of your men.

Having lost your razors, and being so much liked by your brother officers, that you are obliged to let your whiskers and mustachios grow till you are reduced to the alternative of singeing them off with a lighted candle, by which operation you have the felicity of killing two birds with one stone, singeing your hair and burning your nose; leaving the black stumps as thriving mementos of the awful operation.

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Being on out-line piquet in a cold night, and during one of those tremendous north-west storms in India, when the wind tears up large trees by the roots, and the rain falls in torrents, find yourself in the midst of these ragings of the elements, overwhelmed in your dripping tent, without the least possibility of extricating yourself, the force of the wind rolling you up like some inestimable treasure.

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Being so severely wounded in battle as to be unable to move, find that your pockets are being rifled by some of the followers of the camp. During this

operation, you have the felicity of holding your breath, till you are like a puffed toad, there being no other remedy left you but that, during the plundering of your pockets, you should sham dead to save your life.

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Having lost one of your legs by a cannon-ball, obliged to make a pair of crutches of two muskets, and thus escape from the crimsoned field.

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Carrying a comrade off the field on your back, and, after lugging him two or three miles, find that he has parted company with his head.

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Taking a supposed short cut from the place where you have been dining, find yourself quietly anchored in a bog. You vociferously bellow out for help, which sets all the sentries roaring out, "Who comes there?—Who comes there?—Who comes there?" At last, a small party are sent from the guard to see what is the matter, who

challenge, "Who comes there?" You, in a mistake, answer, "rounds," instead of "friend;" the sergeant of guard asks what round; you then find out your mistake, and say, "friend." Sergeant says, "Advance, friend, and give the parole;" your non-approach draws upon you the fire of the escort, and all you can do is to plunge over head in the bog, to save yourself from being shot, and to bellow out, "Friend in the mud—friend in the mud." So much for short cuts.

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Having lost your right leg, and a friend near you having lost his left, make an agreement, by which the bodies of both are to be walked off the field on one pair of legs. In this state march alternately, supporting each other, and thus avoid being plundered and murdered.

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Stealing upon your sentries, find six inches of a bayonet quietly thrust into your thorax, before you can articulate "friend," the sentinel having taken you for a spy, lurking about camp.

Straying from camp from intoxication, when you awake in the morning, find yourself divested of your English habiliments, and safely lodged in the main-guard of the enemy, covered over with an old sack. In the morning you are hung for a spy, by way of amusement to your new associates.

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Kept two hours in a sentry-box, not being able to give the parole. Bitter cold night. Severely admonished by the officer of the grand rounds for your stupidity. On rejoining your brother officers, the first song you hear at the mess, is at your expense, "I was confined in a sentry-box, wrapped up in a soldier's cloak," &c. &c.

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A cavalry officer, belonging to a corps of light dragoons, had been dining some three miles from his tent, where he had made pretty free with the Tuscan grape. About dawn, or a little before, we were attacked by the enemy, and in ten minutes the whole line was under arms. The jolly

captain of horse was obliged to fight the whole day on foot, with another regiment, much to the annoyance of his huge body. His corps particularly distinguished themselves. What a mortification to this fat captain to find his name particularized in orders, as not participating in the glory of his corps!

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A shell once fell upon a large oak-tree, when an Irishman bellowed out, "By the powers, but that's shivil enough, so it is." That moment it burst, and carried away poor Pat's head, when another boy from the sod sang out, "Bad luck to such shivility, say I; is that what you call shivility, honey?"

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Two shells having come in contact in the air, and burst over the heads of some soldiers, one of them sang out, "Look, joy, there is a great big fight amongst the shells." "Fait," replied the other, "it's hot work when they can't agree."

Sleeping in the same bed with a comrade who is a martyr to the night-mare.

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Having fixed your eye and set your heart on some choice *morçeau* at mess, just as you are about to ask for it, find that some hungry sub has purloined the fancied delicacy. No grumbling; first come, first served.

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Sleeping next, or near to, a man that can snore the "British Grenadiers."

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Sleeping next to a pugilist, who imagines he has come to the scratch, and who, in his sleep, pounds you over the face and eyes, before you can awake him.

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Saving every thing that you can rake and scrape together during a long campaign, resolving that



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they shall never catch you soldiering again, find that some villain has, on the first day you land in your native country, marched off with it. No use grumbling; it is a common thing in every land.

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Sending the one half of your pay to your wife, from some distant country, with letters full of endearing expressions, find, on your return home, that she has a couple of little dears more than you expected, to hail their pa's arrival. Born in matrimony; therefore, no grumbling permitted.

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In a cold and bitter wintry night, obliged to go on guard for a brother officer who has thought proper to get drunk.

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Being called out by some non-commissioned officer while eating your scanty supper, after a long and harassing march, find, on your return, that that great thief in the army, Mr. Nobody, has purloined it. All fair during war.

Going to bed in the winter rather muzzy, find that a good-natured comrade has borrowed your blanket for the night, and that you are nearly frozen to death. Custom of the service; sharp's the word.

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Fighting a duel, and, after snapping several times, finding, on examination of your weapon of destruction, that your frightened second has put the ball downwards.

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Finding, when sleeping in the same bed with a drunken snuff-taker, that he has mistaken your nose for his own; but you have a little revenge for so unjustifiable a freedom, by sneezing in his face. All fair in war: give and take is the parole or watchword.

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Sleeping in the same bed with a man who talks in his sleep, and twenty times in the course of the night bellows out, "They are coming—they are coming—comrades, to arms! Sound the alarm—fall in—fall in—the enemy are coming."

Sleeping in a crowded tent, in a way termed by the soldiers heads and heels, which is, every alternate man with his head reversed, find the prodigious toe-nails of a grenadier stuck under your chin.

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Sleeping next to a man in a crowded tent who has fits, find yourself fast grasped in his loving embraces.

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Quarrelling with a man on military tactics, who stutters confoundedly, and will not permit you to help him out with a single word.

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Being the youngest soldier in a tent, obliged to go from your warm bed to beat the rain off, in a cold north-east wind. No complaint allowed, it being the custom of the service.

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Being on outline piquet with a most agreeable captain, with whom you are on snarling terms,

obliged to dine with this edifying companion, when he makes a point of contradicting you in every word you say; and, should you presume to contradict him in return, you are packed off to your rounds, whether it blow, hail, rain, snow, lighten, or thunder.

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Getting drunk at a mess, find, when you can open your slumbering eyes, a dozen charges against you, and three or four gentlemen in attendance with challenges. Don't know a syllable about the grounds of either.

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Quarrelling with, and domineering over a man of apparent timidity and great forbearance, find, after you have sent him a challenge, which he to your surprise has accepted, that he is a dead shot, and will receive no apology.

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Being ordered to lead in a storming-party, in

the room of an officer who had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, but who, unfortunately, has been suddenly taken ill. Must go—obedience is the very basis of discipline.

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Passing some unpleasant epithets on a sergeant for not pushing on, find, on looking up at him, that his head is off.

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Find, on pulling your musket to your shoulder, to shoot one of the enemy who was getting uncomfortably near, that the butt of your firelock has been shot away.

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Endeavouring to wake a sentinel, find, after a good deal of shaking, and a few complimentary epithets, that the poor fellow has been shot by the enemy.

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Meeting an officer in camp, with whom you are not on speaking terms, and passing him with haughty manner and strut of contempt, find yourself sud-

denly cutting a somerset, by getting your feet entangled in the tent-rope, to the great mortification of yourself, and the gratification of your quondam friend.

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Slapping a supposed most intimate friend on the back with all your might and main, find, on the said supposed friend turning round, that it proves to be a person to whom you have a most deadly dislike.

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Lending a gold family-watch to a friend to go on out-line piquet with, find in the morning that both of them are in the possession of the enemy.

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Having lent your horse to a mounted officer, find them, after the battle, both defunct.

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Being ordered to attend the awkward squad, for inattention to your duties when at regimental exercise. By way of distinction from the private

soldiers, the drill-sergeant puts you on the right of the squad. As you are considered by the soldiers as a little bit of a martinet, they feel particularly loving towards you. By way of evincing this affection, the man who is immediately behind you, and whom you have often, by way of punishment, sent to the same drill, steps off with his right leg the instant you step off with your left, by which he digs the toes of his huge jack-boots into your right heel; and, if you attempt to stoop to rub it, or to pull up the heel of your shoe, he gives you a bump behind, by which you are sent sprawling in the dust.

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Going your rounds on a dark night, endeavouring to pounce upon some loitering or inattentive sentinel, find yourself quietly quartered at the bottom of a dry well.

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Being invited to dine five miles from camp in the very heat of summer, find, after toiling thither,

and being almost suffocated with dust, that your friend had just fallen a victim to the cholera morbus.

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Having married a widow for the sake of her pension, and other little considerations, find, on your return to England, that she has three dear little innocents at school, whom she had introduced into the world before she thought of wedlock with her first dear deceased husband, and with whom she thought she would agreeably surprise you on your arrival in your mother country.

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Having been invited to dine at a strange mess, find that their politeness and liberality are such, that you must never have the glass from your mouth. When, in the morning, the rising sun sheds his bright rays through the tent-doors, find yourself quietly reposing under the mess-table, in your new regimental full-dress coat, which bears the honourable marks of their liberality.

Wishing for a good day's shooting, leave camp very early in the morning, having first despatched a note to your commanding-officer, stating that you are not able to attend morning parade, in consequence of indisposition, which has compelled you to take medicine. Stealing into camp a few hours afterwards, meet your commanding officer, face to face. Not on very good terms before.

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Riding to a ball on horseback, find, on dismounting, that your groom, having an eye to economy, had, a few minutes before you set out, greased your saddle thoroughly with mutton fat, to prevent the extreme heat of the weather from cracking the leather. By this you have had the pleasure of so besmearing your tights, as to prevent the possibility of dancing, or making your appearance amongst the ladies. No alternative but to screw your pins under the whist-table, where you have the felicity of dropping as much blunt as would purchase saddles enough to mount half-a-dozen Lancers.

## CHAPTER VII.

I REACHED Cawnpore in twelve days, after a very harassing journey, the fatigues of which laid me on the bed of sickness; but the affectionate nursing of the fair object of my love, and the kind attentions of her excellent family, soon restored me to health, and I was married on the 4th of April, 1816.

I was received by my old regiment in the most cordial manner; and their continued marks of kindness to me and my young wife kept pace with the liberality of their mess. No stranger was permitted to pass through the station without a liberal invitation from the 24th Light Dragoons. Soon after this, my own regiment arrived, when every hand was extended to bid me welcome, and the next eighteen months were spent by me in domestic felicity. At the expiration of that time, we were

called upon again to put our limbs in marching order, on an expedition against the strong forts of Huttrass, Cummoun, and some other refractory dependencies of the Huttrass Rajah.

The former of these forts is situate about thirty miles from Agra, and twelve from Muttra. It is a mud fort, standing in the middle of the most fertile country in Bengal, and is a place of immense strength, in consequence of its enormous ditch, eighty feet wide, by seventy and seventy-five feet deep, with but two small bridges, extremely narrow, and which the occupants of the fort could destroy in an instant.

On our arrival before this place, a negotiation was entered into with the political agent and a messenger from the fort; but still our operations went on in the most active manner. We could not expect success but by a regular and progressive siege, as, independently of the fort, there was also a walled town, which it would be necessary to take and occupy before we could get near enough to the former to mine and breach it. For the taking of the town our first batteries were

erecting during the parley, as convincing proofs that we were in earnest. This siege was under the command of Major-General Sir Dyson Marshall, K.C.B.

Mid-day was finally to determine peace or war. The embassy had been in camp all the morning, begging for time to consider of the proffered terms, or, more probably, to endeavour to meet the foe. This stratagem had often been resorted to on similar occasions to gain the same end; and I have known instances when those creatures would swear by all their heathen gods and goddesses, that their great wish was to be reconciled, when, in reality, they were only plotting a more formidable resistance. I have often heard them swear by their most sacred Ganges, what was well known, both to us and them, to be the most palpable falsehood. I have seen these sycophants kiss the earth, and call every thing dear to them to witness their asseverations, when they have been uttering the most abominable falsehoods to gain some end. I have, also, seen them beat their breasts and tear their hair, in indication of their love and friendship, when all the

while the canker-worm was busy in their hearts. If you permit them, they will put off the evil day from week to week, and from month to month, having always something new to start. This day the Vakeel had brought to camp the most positive assurance that his master, the Rajah, would be in camp to sign and ratify a treaty on the proffered terms. On receiving this intelligence, our good general directed that our batteries should not open till the hour of twelve that day.

Ten o'clock arrived, but nó Rajah; eleven o'clock and half-past eleven passed away, but still no appearance of the great man from the fort. About a quarter before the awful hour, the Vakeel was scene emerging from the political agent's tent, and mounting his rut; but his contracted brow betrayed the agitation of his mind. He set off at speed. I rode beside him as far as our grand battery, and he told me on the way that all was settled, and that the Rajah was coming into camp. Scarcely had he uttered this lie, when the awful bell struck twelve, and our batteries opened at the same instant. In a moment the whole town was enveloped in one dense

cloud of smoke. The instant the Vakeel heard the guns, he leapt out of his carriage, and ran as fast as he could towards the fort, screaming in notes something like the angry tiger. This being the case, I took the liberty of taking the rut and horse to camp as prize property. Whether he reached the fort in safety I know not, for we never saw nor heard anything more of his fat ambassadorship; so I suppose he suffered with many hundreds of others during the siege. The moment our batteries opened, their guns also opened a heavy cannonade, evidencing the truth of what the Vakeel had been holding forth. Our siege went on progressively and systematically, keeping in view the grand point in all sieges, preservation of men's lives, and going to work with our eyes open. Our breaching-distance from the wall of the town was only about four hundred yards, and, therefore, if we were inclined to take a peep at things, we were obliged to do it on the sly, for we were within half musket-shot; so near indeed, that we were obliged to have screens for our embrasures, to protect the men when loading and laying the guns. The parts breached were the two extreme corners.

When we commenced, the town was full of men; but we sent them a few shrapnells and a few rockets, which played beautifully along the tops of the houses, and up the narrow streets, and, in one hour, scarcely a man was to be seen on the ramparts; but we could hear them busily at work digging something which we afterwards found to be holes to hide from the shells, over which they covered themselves with old doors and pieces of plank. Some of our shells, however, found them, even in those dreary hiding-places. Many of their houses were on fire. The Congreve rocket is a most destructive instrument of death: its enormous shaking tail carries every thing before it; and, when it explodes, it kills some yards round, and fires houses right and left. Our little whistling shrapnells quite discomposed the gravity of their hoary-headed priests, and drove them into the fort to seek refuge, and call in the aid of their heathen gods; but not one could be prevailed upon to interpose, even so far as to stop a single rocket or shell. Some long shots were then thrown from some of the large guns in the town, near and into camp; but these caused

no other inconvenience than to put some ladies, who had come from Agra to be spectators of the scene, to the double-quick, who never thought themselves safe till in their own dear homes, some thirty miles off. One lady only remained; but she kept at a much more respectful distance than before.

A reward was given for all descriptions of balls brought into camp, varying in amount according to size. Such is the avarice of the Natives who hover about camps, that they will risk anything for money. Near the right of the line, balls used frequently to be thrown, and some of them rolled as far as the piquet. I was riding in that direction one morning when balls were flying pretty thick. A Native saw one lob, and ran to stop it. In this attempt, one of his legs was so badly broken, that I believe it was afterwards amputated. If he had carried the ball to camp, he would have got about fourpence for it!

In two days the breaches began to wear a stormable appearance; and, on the third day, the storming parties were ordered to be in readiness about two o'clock in the afternoon. The day was calm,

and the sky serene and cloudless. By three o'clock every soldier was at his post, ready and willing to perform the service of his country, and add new laurels to its crown. The left column was to be led by the 87th, or Prince's own Regiment, who were as merry as crickets; and the right column by the 14th Regiment, a beautiful corps. About half-past three we moved off towards the town, in silence. Under cover of the village we halted, and an unaccountable delay ensued. Here we sat down and talked over the work before us. While thus engaged, the eye of an inquisitive officer was fixed on another officer of the same regiment, who had taken his epaulette from his shoulder, and his plate and feather off his cap, so that he looked for all the world like some discharged pensioner. This strange metamorphosis drew upon him the ridicule of his brother officers, and the scoffing of the soldiers. Whatever might be his motive for such an alteration in his dress, to say the least of it, it was extremely imprudent and improper; for, by such conduct, he incurred the animadversion of the soldiers of his own regiment, who would, in all

probability, put the most illiberal construction on it. The officers did not fail to have their jokes and draw their conclusions from such a strange circumstance; and, when the question was put to him, why he did such a thing, his answer confirmed the ill-natured surmises that had gone abroad; his avowed object being that the enemy should not know him from a private soldier of the regiment. How far such an expedient may have deserved censure, I leave the public to judge. I merely introduce the instance to warn other young officers against doing anything that may justify the animadversions of the soldiers, or bring them under the lash and ridicule of their brother officers. Whatever might have been the feelings of this young officer (and I should be sorry to impute his conduct to anything but thoughtlessness), I can venture to assert that he never re-established his former character; in consequence of which, he some time after left the regiment. Therefore, young soldier, never be ashamed to let your foe know that you hold his Majesty's commission. I would sooner cram it down their throats than have

my honour or courage doubted. Be tenacious of your character, more especially in the point of courage. If you trifle with this, the sooner you cut and run the better.

The head engineer, conceiving the breaches not practicable, from his not knowing the depth and width of the ditch, had the storming postponed till the following day, with the view that an opportunity might be afforded him, under cover of the night, to obtain the necessary information. At night this officer himself stole down to the ditch unobserved, and, on his return, he seemed delighted beyond bounds, that the storm did not take place, as the ditch was so wide and deep that an entrance was impossible. It appeared that what had been knocked off the bastion had not actually filled up any part of the trench, but only hung to the sides of it.

On the following morning, we found that the enemy, having seen us march down the evening before, had fled when the night closed in, supposing we were going to storm in the night. On this being ascertained, a strong party was instantly des-

patched to occupy the town. We found some difficulty in obtaining an entrance, as they had barricaded the two gates with stone and immense bales of cotton. At last, we were obliged to scale the walls with ladders. With the exception of a few poor old people, not a living soul was to be seen in the town; but the number of the dead was considerable. Two elephants had been slain, and camels, horses, bullocks, goats, &c. lay killed in all directions. After sauntering about the town, and taking a peep on the other side, we found that the fort was quite close. The moment the enemy saw us, they commenced a heavy cannonade; and the tremendous peels of musketry which followed informed us that they had not run far. The prize agents now turned us all out, supposing, with a good deal of reason, that we were not to be trusted with gold mohurs and rupees, of which a few were found in some of the banking-houses.

On the following day, after reconnoitreing the fort and the ground in its vicinity, spots were fixed upon for new breaching and shelling batteries; and, in twenty-four hours afterwards, we commenced our

work of death on the fort and its obdurate inmates. Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnight. About ten o'clock, the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing on its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implements of destruction so accurately thrown,—some of them scarcely five inches above the walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadful. In a place so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every shell must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and, perhaps, torn from mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnage committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of these messengers of death. On this occasion our shells were very numerous, and of enormous size, many of them thirteen inches and a half in calibre. The system of shelling had been so improved in the twelve years which had elapsed since the siege of Bhurtpore, that, instead of about one shell in five minutes from a single battery, it was by no means

extraordinary to see twenty in one minute, from the numerous batteries which were brought to bear upon this place. It was, at times, truly awful to see ten of these soaring in the air together, seemingly riding on the midnight breeze, and disturbing the slumbering clouds on their pillows of rest; all transporting to a destined spot the implements of havoc and desolation contained within their iron sides. The moon hid herself, in seeming pensiveness, behind a dense black cloud, as though reluctant to look on such a scene; and the feathered tribe, that were wont, in those warm nights of summer, to melodize the breeze, retired far into the distant woods, there to tune their notes of sorrow. Mortal language cannot array such a scene in its garb of blackest woe. Some carcasses were also thrown. These, when in the air, are not unlike a fiery man soaring above. They are sent to burn houses, or blow up magazines. Far and wide they stretch forth their claws of death; and well might the poor Natives call them devils of the night, or fiends of the clouds. To complete this dreadful scene, the roaring Congreves ran

along the bastion's top, breaking legs and arms with their shaking tails. Nothing could be more grand to the eye, or more affecting to the sympathizing heart, than this horrid spectacle. Still, the superstitious foe were stimulated by some hoary priest with hopes of victory, thus imbruing their hands in the blood of their children, their parents, and their friends. Our shells found their way to their very cells, tearing babes from their mothers' bosoms, and dealing death and destruction around. Oh! what must be the anguish of a fond mother, to see nothing but the head of her fondling hanging to her bosom. I will relate one melancholy case of this kind, out of numbers that came within my observation, and actually happened at this place.

A female was lying on a bed of green silk; under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe; and her left was extended as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and, having made its way through three floors, had

gone through the foot of the bed, and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of the head, so that her death, according to the opinion of a medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. The lower part of the child's body, from the hips downward, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell. We understood that this woman was the wife of a most respectable officer in the fort, who had also met his death some hours before her, and was, therefore, in pity spared the afflicting sight. Such, reader, are the scenes of war! Such are the sights which soldiers, in the course of service, are called upon to witness! The poor woman and her babe were committed to the grave; probably, the first of her generation that ever returned to the earth as her last home,—for she was a Hindoo woman.

The garrison of this fort had been solicited, in

the warmest manner, to send their families to their homes, with a promise that they should be guarded to any part of the country, and their property guaranteed to them. To these proposals, dictated by the feelings of humanity which our good general possessed in a most eminent degree, we received nothing but contemptuous answers. Be the blood of their slaughtered relatives, therefore, on their shoulders, not on ours. Wherever the troops of the company have been employed, humanity has always marked their steps; yet I have only known one instance, in my long service, in which the natives consented to avail themselves of the kind offer made to them that their families should be protected. I shall have the pleasure of mentioning this in its proper place.

It was currently reported, and there seemed to be some foundation for such a report, that there were immense treasures in the fort. This was a more shining prospect than we had contemplated. Nothing could be more congenial to our minds than the chance of touching the coin. These an-

ticipations gladdened our very hearts, and kept us watchful and vigilant. To say the truth, I do not know any class of people more deserving of money, or who can spend it in a more gentleman-like manner, than soldiers From our late gayeties at Cawnpore, and having danced my marriage rounds through the whole station, my purse, at this critical juncture, was in deep decline. It had undergone a most severe draining, and its contents had dwindled away to a single silver piece. My account with the paymaster had also made an oblique evolution, and settled on the wrong side, leaving me no credit by the position it had taken. Since this untoward account had taken that whim into its head, the paymaster was never at home. A confounded bore this,—always to find people out, whom you particularly want to see and have a little sterling confab with. Thus stood the case, or, rather, thus stood my purse, yawning for lack of coin, and this was the case with many others. Was it a wonder, then, that we so readily gave credit to the reports which were in cir-

culation, touching the probability of our reaping a golden harvest by this siege?

With these prospects in view, the siege went on with all possible energy. Having viewed the gaping ditch, and assured ourselves of the impossibility of both descent and ascent, we had pushed our mining operations within thirty yards of the top of the glaciers, and began to descend into the bowels of the earth. I was this day on a working-party, with one hundred men, and had just arrived in the tool-yard, about three hundred yards from the left of the trenches, when I was thrown flat on my face by some violent shock of the earth. Before the general shock, the earth seemed in dreadful convulsions. The walls surrounding the tool-yard were propelled forward from the fort, and fell to the ground. Stones, bricks, pieces of wood, and, nearer the fort, bodies and limbs, were to be seen soaring in the air in all directions. For the moment, consternation and dismay were depicted on every face. When I arose, I felt much alarmed; the earth

seemed still to move under me; and at first I thought something had happened to me alone: but, on looking around, I found my men, some in the attitude of prayer, and others lying down, hiding their faces with fear. Having recovered my senses, I looked towards the fort, and saw it enveloped in one dense cloud of smoke or dust; and, now and then, streaks of fire issuing from its battlements. In the midst of this momentary alarm, there was an indistinct buzzing that the grand magazine of the enemy had been blown up. This report having reached my ears, I ran, or, rather, rolled along the trenches, and was informed that their grand magazine had really been blown up by one of our shells. Again looking towards the tomb of destruction, what a sight met the eye! The smoke which arose from the ruins seemed to be a solid and substantial structure, gradually and majestically ascending to the skies, bearing on its top variegated volumes of vapour, that seemed to ride upon its summit. From this ascending mountain were ever and anon vomited forth sheets of vivid fire; and glittering sand fell

in showers around the spot. Through this dense, but really insubstantial mass, was to be seen the setting sun, spreading his luminous beams through the gigantic phenomenon; and the beauty of the sight was beyond human fancy to imagine. This tremendous volume of smoke, seemed almost to rise perpendicularly, verging off a little with the wind, which scarcely breathed. When it had ascended so that the sun was visible under it, the mass above changed colour, and you might trace on it the most brilliant rays of the rainbow. This continued ascending in various forms, until, at last, it was buried in distance: after which, every eye was directed towards the destruction below, and the sight was frightful indeed. Heads, bodies, legs, arms, hands, spears, guns, muskets, planks, and colours, lay indiscriminately among the pile of ruin. Four thousand maunds, or three hundred and twenty thousand pounds of gunpowder, an accumulation of years, were contained in this magazine. This was buried in stone magazines, some hundreds of feet under the earth; and it was supposed that the major part of the

garrison had sought refuge in those excavated vaults, from the destruction of our shells, and were there entombed in this pile of ruin and desolation. The cries of men, women, and children, and the groans of wounded horses, could be distinctly heard, and drew from every eye the tear of pity. Our guns had ceased firing, no one knew why. There were no shoutings of exultation; but, on the contrary, loud were the expressions of commiseration and sorrow. Amidst the convulsion, it was a most extraordinary fact, that the new and scarcely finished temple of the inmates of the fort still reared its superstitious head, and on the very margin of their once boasted and inexhaustible mine of powder and ball, stood uninjured, amidst the general wreck, divested only of its scaffolding. This coincidence, which they, no doubt, attributed to supernatural agency, still fed their deluded hopes, and they would not bend the stubborn knee and ask for mercy, but still persisted in their resistance, led on by some hoary-headed priest, who would not tear himself away from his ill-gotten stores. The night closed in

as cold as the hearts of these obdurate creatures; the sky was serene and clear; and the moon rose in her most effulgent brightness.

The moon had now risen high above the tops of Rumnah (a place where they keep preserved game), when our guns re-opened, and more messengers of destruction were sent to complete the work of death. Every hand employed against the fort would willingly have carried these poor creatures the cup of peace and the balm of comfort, rather than send them more woe; but, notwithstanding these sympathetic feelings, there is a duty we owe ourselves and our country. We were in honour bound to push the siege, but this was our duty, not our inclination; nor is it true that soldiers, inured to scenes of war, do not possess the nicer feelings of the heart. The shelling again roared through their narrow streets, and tore up their little dwellings by the roots, each hurling additional victims into the gaping pile. About the hour of midnight, there seemed a bustle and clashing of arms amongst the people in the fort, and I began to think that they intended to give

us leg, so I kept a good look-out. I crept close to the edge of the ditch and listened. I could hear voices, but not distinctly what they said. I was observed from the fort, and nearly paid dear for my peeping. Several shots were fired, one of which struck close to my head. I moved my quarters to a more safe place; and, from the neighing of horses, it was pretty evident to me that they were on the bit; but, as I was no reservoir of news, I took good care to keep my opinion to myself, until the thing became more certain. Five minutes after, I saw some of them outside of the fort, on horseback, waiting to assemble in force, before they attempted to break through our mounted cavalry, which formed a chain of sentinels round this side. It was imagined impossible that they could make their escape. I communicated what I had seen to the commanding-officer of the protecting-party, who had a hundred Native men under his command, which would, in all probability, have been sufficient to have stopped them; for, no doubt, they did not intend to go empty-handed away, but

laden with gold mohurs. When I first communicated this intelligence to the officer on duty, he politely said it was only fancy,—they were no flinchers. I told him that I could *see* them coming out, but he replied, sarcastically, "Then why don't you go and stop them? I will tell you what, Shipp: you are never easy unless your head is in the cannon's mouth." At the first part of this reproof I got terribly nettled, and warmly replied, "Had I your means, Captain Brewer, (alluding to the men under his command) I would stop them; but, as my men have only their pick-axes and shovels, it would be an act of pure madness to attempt such a thing; though it is by no means clear to me that I could not even stay their flight with these poor means." At this he instantly flew into a rage, and said, "Pray, sir, what do you mean to insinuate by what you have this moment given utterance to?" "My dear Brewer," said I, "you know I am as poor as the inside of a sentry-box, and it is really a pity to see these fellows under our very noses, walking off with the coin." He smilingly replied, "That's true; and I will pre-

vent it if possible." So on we marched at double-quick, and, all I could do and say, I could not prevent my men, armed as they were with pick-axes and shovels, from following me. I threatened to cut the first man down who dared attempt to leave his post; but no sooner was I gone than my men were close at my heels, and one fellow came running up to me, and said, pointing to a small village close by the entrance of the bridge,—"By the powers, your honour, but there is a whole generation of cavalry all mounted on horses. See, your honour, some of them that are halted are coming this way." I replied,—"What the devil has brought you here?"—"Does your honour think I would lave you in this blusteration," said Paddy. On getting pretty close to these "cavalry on horseback," my attention was drawn off from the soldier, who, on turning round, I found was close at my elbow, with a pickaxe on his shoulder. Here the enemy, observing us, rode off to the left at full speed. One I endeavoured to stop, and he rode at me. I gathered myself up in an attitude of defence, resolved, if possible, to dis-

mount him; but, unfortunately, his horse's foot struck the inside of my thigh, and down I went, and he had the politeness to fire his matchlock at me, but it did not touch me. He rode on, and I jumped up and again recovered my station at the head of the party. We now arrived at the end of the bridge, where there was a kind of half-moon battery or breastwork,—at least there had been, but now nothing but the parapet and embrasures remained. Behind these my men, many of whom had followed me, took refuge, till we had again driven the enemy into the fort. We pushed on, and on the bridge the struggle was dreadful. The enemy wanted to come out, and we wanted to go in. They would not permit us to go in; and we, equally unaccommodating, would not let them out. This was the dispute, and, after a good deal of fighting, we not only stopped their intended journey, but put an end to many of their lives. They, for a time, disputed every inch of ground with us; but Jack Sepoy was not to be done, and we, after a hard struggle, gained possession not only of the bridge, but of the inner gate. Here they had the

advantage for a time, for they had fastened the innergate; which, however, yielded to force. At this moment I received a tremendous blow from a large piece of wood that was thrown from the ramparts, and hit me on the head; I fell to the ground, stunned for a moment, but soon got up again. When I was knocked down by the log of wood, a sergeant hollowed out,—"By the powers, but he is kilt at last outright!"—"Not quite, sergeant," said I; "but it was a devil of a blow."—"Och! never mind that, your honour," said the sergeant, "it's all in the army."—"No, sergeant," I replied, "it is all on my head." A few seconds after this, the same sergeant received a similar salute, which made him hug the ground, when a soldier who was near him sang out,—"Are you kilt, sergeant dear?"—"Upon my conscience," groaned the sergeant, "I don't know; but I feel mighty queer, so I do."

I had not been on my legs again above a second, and had scarcely had time to scratch my head, when there was a dreadful explosion of powder. The shock caused by this explosion nearly threw me

down again. On looking behind, I found it necessary to give some orders, and I pointed to the object of my instructions. Some ill-natured fellow from the ramparts thought I was pointing the finger of derision at him, so he let fly his matchlock at me, and shot me through the very finger I was pointing with—the forefinger of the left hand. The shot passed through the finger, and, carrying away nearly the whole of the bone of the two first joints, grazed the palm of my hand, and passed through the lapelle of my coat. At last the inner gate yielded to force, and we rushed into the body of the fort. On our first entrance, we could see women and children flying across the narrow streets; some mothers bearing their offspring in their bleeding arms; some dropping them in their flight; and others meeting death from the balls of our men, who were firing at random. Many poor childless mothers threw themselves on the points of our men's bayonets, and some begged for mercy. Putrid bodies, both of men and beasts, lay about in all directions,—some of them three or four deep; and the smell was absolutely suffocating. The

fighting soon ceased, and, though many attempted to escape by another bridge, they were taken prisoners.

The fort being now completely in our possession, as soon as the prisoners had been secured, I examined my wound. An hour having elapsed since I received it, my whole arm had begun to ache most dreadfully. Finding, therefore, that I could do no further good to the service, I was resolved I would do no harm to myself, so I bent my way towards camp, to get my wound dressed. To be candid, I may as well confess that I did not walk home, but rode one of the finest Persian horses I ever beheld. I found him loose, running about the fort. I caught him, and rode him with a piece of rope in his mouth. The good-natured prize-agents did not request me to give him up, nor, perhaps, were they aware that I had such an animal in my possession. Be that as it may, however, I sold him at Lucknow, to the King of Oude, for two thousand rupees, about two hundred pounds sterling. Having reported the capture of the fort to the major-general, who was, of course, much

pleased with the information, and immediately made his arrangements accordingly, I got my wound dressed. My good-natured doctor was pleased to announce to me, that if I escaped with the loss of my finger, I might consider myself fortunate; but he feared that the dreadful manner in which the finger had been torn, would render amputation of the hand necessary. The wound was evidently from an iron aud rugged ball. Iron ball-wounds immediately turn a rusty, or more of a yellow colour, and are bad healing wounds. In the morning my wound was again dressed by another medical friend; and it was so much better in the forenoon of the following day, that I got into my palanquin and rode down to the fort. I must beg to be excused from entering into a minute narration of the scene inside. Let it suffice that it far exceeded anything that man could write, were he to sit down to draw a picture of the most abject misery and woe. The most depraved wretch could not have looked upon the work of death which presented itself to our eyes, without being melted into sorrow. I soon turned from such a sight, and stood towards home.

Near a small village, a beautiful young woman, about sixteen years of age, had been seen, and ultimately seized. Her husband, to whom she had only been wedded about three months, was one of those who were entombed when the magazine blew up. From that period nothing could sooth her or appease her grief; no power could restrain her; and at last she escaped into the adjoining wood, or rumnah. When I saw her, she was running wildly; but, at times, she would pause, hold up her finger, and tell you to listen; when she would exclaim, with the most heart-rending shriek,—“ That was him! It was he that did speak! Yet now he is gone.” Then the poor bewildered maniac would tear her sloe-black hair, which was hanging in ringlets down her back and bosom, and, at length, sink exhausted to the ground. She was taken to camp, and committed to the care of some of her relations, who had been taken prisoners.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Amongst the prisoners captured in the fort of Huttrass, search was made by us for the Keeledar, and his friend the negotiator, who had been so many times in camp; but neither of these gentlemen could be found; and we naturally concluded they must have escaped on the evening of the storm; for, strange to say, a great body of cavalry had cut their way through some of our cavalry piquets. The Europeans saddled the Native corps of Hindostanee horse with this; and they in return threw the blame on the European cavalry. Some part of this flying enemy, however, passed the piquet of the 8th Light Dragoons, and several of the brave fellows of that regiment were wounded in endeavouring to stop them; but I have no doubt that the main body passed between the right of the 8th Dragoons and the left of the corps of Captain

Badley's horse, between which flanks there was a wide space and a high-road. This road was watched by a regiment of Native Infantry. From the beautiful horses left in the fort, and the immense number of suits of chain armour we found strewed about the stables of the cavalry, the whole of the enemy's horse must have been in mail; so that our cavalry could have made but little impression, even if they had fallen in with them. By this escape one of our grand objects was defeated, by the loss of the person of the rebel governor, which was wanted to answer his rebellion to an offended government. How it was possible that a single individual could have escaped such a bombardment was to us a mystery; for large houses were literally torn up by the roots. They had thrown a great number of their dead into a well, and many lay in the ditch, a melancholy and revolting sight, for the sun had swoln them to an enormous size.

It seems that, the moment any of their children were killed in houses remote from the well, they were thrown into the street. I counted five limbless babes in one street.

The day I left camp the maniac widow died, and it is with infinite pleasure I now bid farewell, for a time, to such distressing scenes.

Deputies from the other forts and dependencies of this Rajah had witnessed the siege *incog.*, and were no doubt in camp when the explosion took place. Not being inclined to risk the same aerial ascent, or to be entombed as many hundreds of the poor creatures in Huttras had been, they readily surrendered to the wishes of the government. What had become of Diaram (for that was the Rajah's name), we could not discover; but he was a dangerous man loose in a country like India, and might do much mischief if he joined the Pindarees, who were then in full force prowling about the country, not immediately in our provinces, but lingering on the borders. After some search, this Rajah was found with Nawab Ameer Khan, an independent chief; and no sooner had the Company discovered the place of his residence, than, instead of punishing the rebel as he deserved, they munificently offered him a pension for himself and family, if he would reside in our provinces. With

these terms the veteran Rajah readily complied, and he is now residing in affluence, peace, and happiness, under the Company's banner of protection and shield of faith. I have heard from those who have since seen him, that his loss in lives at Huttrass was upwards of fifteen hundred in the fort, besides those in the town. Two of his nephews were amongst the dead; and he himself encouraged his men in person during the whole of the siege, and was scarcely ever from the ramparts.

My wound at this time assumed a dangerous appearance. It had been much irritated by the extraction of several pieces of shattered bone; and, as the weather at this period grew intensely hot, my doctor advised me not to travel with the regiment, as he apprehended that the extreme heat, and the constant shaking of the palanquin, might bring on inflammation. I therefore the next afternoon left my corps for Cawnpore, some hundred miles, by dawk*, and arrived there about the same

* Travelling by dawk is a very speedy mode of conveyance, well known in India. The traveller is carried in a palanquin by eight bearers, who are relieved every ten miles; and by this ar-

time on the afternoon of the following day. From having been more than four-and-twenty hours without proper dressing, the whole of my arm, and indeed all my left side, became much inflamed, and were extremely painful; but the fond attentions of an affectionate wife, and the kindness of her good family, soon made me forget my pains and aches.

I had such a home as few were blessed with; and, in the bosom of my family, I forgot the toils of terrific war. By good nursing and good medical advice, my wound began to mend apace; but there were still pieces of bone protruding through the wound, which, however, were in time extracted by the hand of skill.

The moment I got my hand dressed on the night I was wounded, I took the precaution of sitting down to communicate the true particulars of the

rangement a hundred miles are so certainly performed in twenty-four hours, that from Cawnpore to Calcutta, a distance of eight hundred miles, is reckoned an eight days' journey. This is accomplished, of course, by travelling by night as well as by day, which is done with great comfort to the traveller, the palanquin being provided with a couch, and well-armed guards with torches accompanying the party during the night-time.

affair to my family by letter, knowing well what erroneous reports are often sent to the wives of soldiers, and communicated in the most blunt and abrupt manner.

The following correspondence, which I pledge myself to be copied *verbatim* from letters which actually passed between some of the privates of the 87th Regiment and their wives, after the siege of Huttrass, may serve at once to amuse the reader and to show how easily accidents may be exaggerated, and reports of the most alarming nature obtain circulation.

"DEAR JUDY,—Sure, the Fort of Huttrass was taken last night when the moon rose this morning; and, sure enough, by a party of the old Fogs into the bargain. Lieutenant Shipp, good luck to his honour, was twice knocked down by them. Och! by the powers, his mother or father must have been of Irish distraction, for he fights for all the world like an Irishman. Sure, he took the fort all alone with only his working-party with pickaxes and shovels, and some Sapyes, and the divel a gun amongst them; but his working-party had a fine

opportunity of picking holes in the jackets of the enemy, and shoveling them up in a corner together all in one lump. Two thousand were taken prisoners alive, beside all them that were dead. Sure, I forget, dear Judy, to tell you that there was a great big blusteration in the fort. Their magazine was blown up; yes, and all the powder and ball besides. I was standing in the tool-yard, and found myself laying on my face, and before I could get up I was down again. I have no more news except that we shall go from here as soon as we march for Cawnpore, where I hope to find my Judy well. Tell Mrs. Gaffy that Pat is not well, and he is sick besides with a bad cold. We are quite fatigued doing nothing. So no more at present from

"Your doating husband,

"*Huttrass*, *May* 2, 1817. "P. R."

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"Molly Avernien,—Och! sure the old Fogs have bothered the enemy from head to the tail; they are for all the world like an Irish fair, all of an uproar. Yesterday evening, their great big magazine was

blown up, and kicked up a tremendous dust and smoke. It was a beautiful sight, and looked for all the world like sand and gravel rolling down from the skies; and, when the sun got directly behind it, it was as clear as mud. Dead bodies, wood, sticks, stones, and bricks, were seen cutting capers in the air. On the whole, it was a mighty genteel sight, and would have done the eye of a blind man good, could he have seen it; but, Molly dear, the worst part of the story is to come afterwards; but before I tell you what is to come after this, would you believe that the old Fogs were at the head of all this blusteration and smoke? Faith! they were, sure enough. Lieutenant Shipp surrounded the fort with himself and a hundred pickaxes and shovels; but he was knocked down before he got in the second gate, only he got up and ran after the spalpeen who did it, when another spalpeen shot at him and carried away his whole hand and five of his fingers, and only left his thumb, which got off clear without being hurt. But he is getting better. Sergeant R. got a lump on his head, and is mighty cross about it; but that's neither

here nor there. I think the campaign will soon be over, for they have had a sickener. I wrote to you the other day, but as I did not send it you did not remember to answer it, as you will if you get this safe and sound. We are all pretty well, only the regiment is sickly and a great quantity are in hospital with the *Corporal Forbes,* which carry them away before they have time to die, or say who comes there. I shall tell you in my next letter when I write that Pat Murphy is made sergeant, Jamy Flanagan corporal, and Taddy Dagerty lance-corporal. I must conclude by telling my own dear Molly that I am alone by myself,

"Your affectionate husband,

"D. H., 8th Company."

"*Huttrass, Bengal, East Indies,*

"*May* 2, 1817.

"P.S. Give my respects to O'Neil if he is alive; if not never mind it,—it's of no consequence at all. Should you see M'Cather, tell him I will give him twenty-five rupees for the watch, ready rhino, if he will give me credit till the prize-money is paid;

if not, I shall be off the bargain. I cannot say more, for I have not got a tint of ink or paper left that I have not used. I will tell you face to face when we meet how much I love my Molly.

"Before Huttrass, the self same day.

"D. H."

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"DEAR JENNY,—When you get this letter, don't be after forgetting to remember, as you did before, to answer it. Now promise me this in your next letter, and I will keep up the correspondence by writing to you; if not, you can write to me to let me know, and I will answer it when I write again. The news is this, Jenny: that yesterday evening the enemy's great big magazine blew up to the skies. Och! there was such a smoke that you could not see anything for dust. Lieutenant Shipp led in the storming-party, one hundred sapyes; but the enemy knocked him down upon his face dead, and he was some time before he could get up again, and when he was up, sure they would not let him alone, for they shot him through the

hand, and the doctors say it must be cut off to save it. His working-party followed him with the tools, and not one of them was touched saving the lieutenant, and he was most desperately wounded. I saw his honour this morning, and asked him how his hand was, and he said it was only a scratch. I think I never saw so many dead bodies in one place,—they all lay as familiar together as though they had been alive. Dear Jenny, I could not help crying at the number of poor women and children that laid dead in the huts and streets without the least life in them. I went to see what was doing, but that sight soon sent me back again. Several men laying on the bridge with desperate cuts, and our lads said it was Lieutenant Shipp's well-known cut that settled many of them. I have no more to say, but I wish you were here to partake in the glory, now it's all over. Make my compliments to Mrs. Foy, if you see her; if not, never mind. I shall write to tell you we have left this the moment we are gone.

"Your's truly,

"*May*, 1817. "T. F."

"MY DEAR PAT,—I wish you would be after writing me a single line, to tell me if it is true that you were killed in the storming-party the other night. People tell so many lies that I never believe one of them; but I am mighty unasy about it, and should like to know the truth. If you are dead, honey, sure Sergeant Logan will be after reading it and letting me know. Och! if you're dead, dear Pat, let this console you, that I will never marry again; but perhaps you are not, and will only make a redicule of me for opening my heart to you. I saw Dennis M'Guire, who told me it was all a lie, that you were not dead, and that if I wrote to you you would let me know. Dear Paddy, you don't know, sure, how distressed I have been till I know; therefore, write, if you are alive; if not, Corporal Hagan or Sergeant Logan will have the goodness to let me know. I shall look out for the post every hour, though I know I cannot expect under three days, but that's no matter. So no more from

"Your affectiouate wife,

"*Cawnpore.* "MOLLY KANEAGHAN."

"P.S. Before I close this, pray don't forget to write to me as soon as you are able."

"DEAR MOLLY,—Whoever told you that I was kilt, it is a great big lie, without a morsel of truth. It's truth I got a ball in my side, but I assure you, if I had been kilt, you should have been informed by me; but I am worth a hundred dead men, and hope I shall live till it's my turn to die, and then you know, dear Molly, I cannot help it. We have hard work here, besides plenty to employ ourselves, and never have an idle moment without something to do. My wound is getting better, but it's a little worse this morning, owing to a cold; but my doctor says there is no danger as long as I live; but, should it take an unfavourable turn, I may be worse before I get better: so you see you must not be alarmed on my account, but must be glad that I have written you so favourable account. Give my respects to Mary Jones.

"Your's doatingly,

"PATRICK M."

"*Camp, before Huttrass.*

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"DEAR JEMMY,—Your letter was not lost that I received yesterday, though a great number of

them were that did not arrive safe. I was glad to see that you were getting better of your wound, and not worse. We have been both very well, save Mrs. Logan has been very ill, and not well besides. I wish I was with you, dear Jemmy, for I am quite tired doing nothing. I saw Pat Flanagan yesterday, but he told me nothing about the trunk, but I asked him, and he said he would take care of it for you. Sure, Corporal O'Gorman died yesterday, in the hospital; I went to see him, he left you his compliments. Dear Jemmy, this, sure, is a dull place, because there is no fun. The divil a one you see hardly at all, becase they have left the station, and are all gone, and those who are here are as dull as old Mother Gaffey, when she's sober; and, fait! that's never, sure. I met her the other day in the bazar, and, when I overtook her, she said 'Good morning, Jenny;' and went on, 'My morning on you, Jenny, honey; sure, I have not had a taste these two hours;' so I took her to the canteen, and we had a noggin of good stuff together, but she seized my hand, and would not let it go till I gave her another drop of the cratur;

then she turned, and called me all the blackguards she could think on. I never said a word to her, but told her she was bastely drunk, and I never would treat her again; so she shied the noggin at my head, and I left her alone by herself, and went my way. I forgot to tell you before, becase I did not recollect it, that Dinnis Murphy is going to get married to Kitty Reilly, as soon as the priest gets sober; and a pretty job he will make of it, for she will play him a pretty game. If being fond of whiskey, fighting, and several other accomplishments, will make a man happy, fait! poor Dinnis will be mighty happy indeed! Let me hear from you, dear Jenny, whenever you write; and belave me "Your sincere friend,

"JENNY M'FOY."

The contents of these confused epistles will show the necessity of a man's writing himself to his friends and family, to prevent unfounded (and often malicious) reports from plunging them unnecessarily into grief. Several ladies of the regiment had called on my young wife for the purpose

of breaking to her the news of my being killed, which had reached the cantonments through communications similar to those just quoted; and nothing but the letter written in my own hand could have satisfied her that these reports of my death were unfounded. The letters from which these reports originated afterwards fell into my hands, and their contents are already before the reader.

In a few days the regiment arrived in cantonments; and in a month or six weeks I was again on parade with my company, little the worse, except that I had an ugly and troublesome finger, which was always in the way. I have since turned it to some use as a true register of the weather; but, beyond this, I do not think I could even now make it so far useful as efficiently to pull a man's nose with it.

I forgot to mention that, when I went down to visit the fort on the morning after its fall, the prize-agents were busy on the look-out for prize property, and to keep our lads from picking and stealing; but, had there been a thousand of them, all with the eyes of lynxes, this would have been

impossible. I heard that a private of the Company's Foot Artillery passed the very noses of the prize-agents, with five hundred gold mohurs (sterling 1000*l.*) in his hat or cap. Several of the men, when the troops got beyond the power of the prize-committee, boasted of their plunder; and, indeed, it is not much to be wondered at that men should make so free as to help themselves, when the dreadful metamorphosis that prize-money always goes through before it reaches the pockets of the captors, and the length of time before it is paid, are considered. All prize property is liable to many diseases and changes, incidental, perhaps, to the climate of India. When first taken, it shines in the full vigour of habit; is of good solid substance—of solidity of body—current, pure, and clear; but in bulk rather protuberant and gross, and therefore, perhaps, somewhat inclined to be dropsical. Change of situation is in general resorted to, but the disease has taken fatal root, and nothing can eradicate the distemper but reduction of the system. Having been severely drained, and much inflammatory matter having been expressed,

symptoms of decline but too often follow, and the poor sufferer is left but a shadow, if it escape total extinction. In this manner the solid substance extracted from the fort of Huttrass dwindled away, leaving, however, a residue of some 20,000*l.*, of which I pocketed eighty-six rupees; but, as I had sold my share for two hundred, I may be said to have come off tolerably well. We afterwards learned, from undoubted authority, that immense treasures had been conveyed from Huttrass. The Rajah, aware that he had fallen under the displeasure of the government, had the precaution to send his principal treasures away, as also the greater part of his family. This treasure passed through the city of Agra, the Rajah having solicited the civil authorities to permit the female part of his family to pass through that district to some distant festival. As the Rajah was an ally, this request could not be refused; and, accordingly, from twenty to twenty-four ruts, containing the treasures of that potentate, as well as his family, passed through Agra, to a place of safety.

The station now began to be gay, and nothing

but parties, dinners, balls, suppers, &c., were the order of the day. This routine of gayety and festivity was kept up for a considerable time, until the more active minds began to tire of it. In addition to this, our purses began to exhibit symptoms of an attack of their old complaints. Mine, in particular, had had such a regular and confirmed shaking-fit, that the disease threatened to be vital unless some immediate remedy were applied.

Full of anxious anticipations as to what would be the consequences of this lack of coin; exhausted by the intense heat of breathless day; and weary of continued dissipation; one moonlight night, when naught was heard but the bigot's bell, which sounded from a temple that lingered still amid the ruins of time, I sauntered some miles from the station; when, on a sudden, an Æolian voice arrested my attention, and such ineffable sweetness did the notes possess, that for the moment I felt rivetted to the spot, as though enchanted by some magic power.

I stood still and listened till the voice grew fainter, and at last died upon the refreshing

breeze of eve, which wafted around all the fragrance of the East. The scene before me was beyond conception beautiful: none but those who have seen an Eastern summer's eve can picture to themselves anything half so splendid and sublime. The silvery lake was studded with innumerable wild fowl, sporting on its unruffled surface ere they retired to rest; and the fishes leaped from their natural element to catch a last glimpse of the setting sun. The plaintive willow hung weeping over the bosom of the water, and huge toops of trees invited the birds to sweet repose. The banks were green and verdant, and the distant hills foliaged with every sort of leaf, and bedecked with all the numerous variegated flowers which conspire to scent the Eastern atmosphere. The cattle were on their way home, to be sheltered from the prowling tiger of the night; and all was still and hush, save the bleating of the lambs on nearing their nocturnal retreat. It was a scene well calculated for contemplation and the melodious theme of praise.

I had not gone far before my attention was again

arrested by the same melodious voice, bewailing, in the Hindostanee tongue, the death or desertion of some beloved swain. As I perfectly understood the language, I paused and listened, in the hope that I might catch the words more distinctly; but they died away in the distance before they reached my ear. I slowly approached the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, when I distinctly heard the recital of some love-sick ditty by a female voice. The strain partook more of recitative than of song; and the air, though plaintive, was singularly wild and beautiful. Concealing myself behind a large cotton-tree, I had a full view of the mournful songstress. She stood with her back towards me, with her head reclining on her right arm, which rested on the stump of a tree. During her sweet but sad song, her veil had fallen from her head and shoulders, and exposed a form of exquisite symmetry. At last she heard my footstep. She started; and, immediately veiling herself, she seized her shoes from off the ground, and was about to fly on the wings of fear, when I calmly and softly said,—"Fair maiden, fear not; I will not harm you."

She paused, and hesitatingly said,—" Sir, I am not afraid."—" Pray," said I, " what brings you so far from your village, and alone too, so late in the evening ?"

" I have been tending the lambs of my father, sir, and my little brother has taken them home ; I was not aware it was so late."

" If I may presume to judge from the tenor of the song I have just overheard," said I, " I fear you must be unhappy."

Upon this, a crimson blush suffused her cheek ; but she replied, with timidity, " No, sir, I am not unhappy ; but I am, unfortunately, of a pensive and melancholy turn of mind, and my occupation feeds and nurtures this sad propensity into a settled habit, so that sometimes I remain so long abroad, that my family become alarmed for my safety ; but, thank Alla ! I have hitherto escaped unmolested, and I feel sure, sir, you will not hurt me ; your face tells me you are good and kind."

Encouraged by this compliment bestowed on the expression of my countenance, I ventured (somewhat intrusively, I must confess) to question the

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gentle stranger, to ascertain to whose memory the words were addressed which she had just been singing.

Upon this she drew her veil close round her face, which, during the conversation which had passed between us, she had hitherto, unconsciously, allowed to remain uncovered, and she said, "He was a youth that once lived in the village that stands by yonder silvery lake; but he is now no more." Here she applied her white veil to her eyes, and wept silently.

"Perhaps," said I, "he was a relation of yours?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "he was my betrothed husband; but he was snatched from me ere he could say, blessings be on thee."

"Then he died suddenly?"

"He did, sir: scarcely one short mile separated his home from mine, and, ere I could reach his couch, the rose of youth had left his beauteous cheek; his eye was fixed upon his disconsolate mother, who sat by his side; his hand grasped that of his sire; he seemed in a soft and sweet slumber—but his dewy touch told the sad tale of

woe. Yester-night one moon, he was burned on this melancholy spot, amidst the wailings of his disconsolate and distracted family. I, too, sir, was present."

Here she sobbed convulsively, and picked up pieces of sticks and straws. Not till that moment did I suspect that her intellect was disordered by the loss that she had sustained. I endeavoured to sooth and comfort her, and requested her not to weep.

"Not weep!" she replied, with a kind of hysterical laugh, "then, sir, I should soon die. Oh! sir, if I could not sometimes wash these hands with the salt tears of remembrance for his sake, I deserve not the name of his espoused wife. It's true, the people call me, I know not why, the 'pugley;'* yet, sir, I am not mad, but I ever must wail unfeignedly the loss of him who now has left me to find my way through the cares of this world alone: but, harkye, sir,—don't tell the people that I am not mad; if you do, I shall not

* Meaning a maniac, or idiot.

be permitted to wander alone on this lovely spot. Now, sir, I can come here alone, at the still hour of night, lighted on my lone trip by the silvery moon, and here by myself brood over my misfortunes, and hug them to this aching heart. Would that my good father would build me, on this dear spot, a little hut, where I might dwell alone, far from the gaze of prying men and the pointed finger of scorn,"

"You must not nurse this state of melancholy," said I, "or you will soon leave the fascinations of your sweet and revered spot."

"Leave it, sir," she asked in an eager tone, "and go whither? Ah! sir, you need not tell me where; I know whither he has flown. I saw him go; I have seen him since—yes, often; and shall to-night, when the moon is up."

Thus saying, she clasped her hands and looked towards heaven, and, pointing upwards, she exclaimed, smiling through her tears,—"There he dwells. See you yon golden cloud gliding above yon jessamine-tree? There is his residence; there he slumbers on the couch of peace."

"What reasons have you for supposing that spot to be the place of his rest?" said I.

"On the assurance of himself; *he* told me so, and I can depend upon his word: he never whispered in his short life a falsehood; and, now that he is gone, he never—oh! sir, never, would deceive his Mootee, his early choice; no, no, sir, he was on earth incapable of anything wrong, in heaven he cannot err; he cannot—will not, deceive his Mootee."

She now wept and sobbed aloud, and I feared that I had rashly touched a too-tender string. I was in the act of again endeavouring to sooth her, when a shrill voice called, "Mootee—Mootee." She started at the well-known voice of her father; her bosom seemed chilled at his presence, and she said to me, "For God's sake, sir, fly; that's my father's voice. Fly, sir, I beseech you, or the breath of slander may blight my fair name. Go, sir, I conjure you, ere he finds you in the presence of his daughter, whose imprudence, in thus permitting a Christian to approach her, would never be forgiven." Again the father repeated, with some

degree of anger, the name of his daughter, who turned a death-like paleness and sunk upon the root of the tree. Scarcely had I hid myself behind a thicket before a hoary-headed man approached, his white beard almost reaching to his knees. He seized the disconsolate maiden by the hand, and led her towards home, and I soon lost sight of them, as the path was winding and through a thick wood. Some two years afterwards I called at the village, and inquired after her, and it was with unfeigned sorrow I learned that she was found dead one morning on the spot on which her husband was burned.

Shortly after this adventure, the most Noble the Marquis of Hastings was on his way up the river to this station. The object of his voyage up the country was quite secret. Strange were the surmises, and many of them as ridiculous as they were strange. Some said Scindia was to be attacked, —others, Bhurtpore. His lordship was very particular and minute in the inspection of the troops of the upper provinces. The 87th Regiment were in excellent order for service, and I longed to see

them as a body again in the field. The noble marquis was as hospitable as majestic: dinners and drawing-rooms were now all the go at Cawnpore, and quite astonished the natives. His lordship's manners were truly winning and devoid of pride. At his parties he generally selected the greatest strangers to sit next him at dinner, and was to all extremely affable and condescending. Thus passed the time till the August following, when his lordship's grand scheme for the annihilation of the Pindarees was published, and set us all on the stir. Every one was as busy as trunk-makers, preparing. On every face was the smile of joy, except on those of affectionate wives, whose anxieties foreboded numberless ills that were never realized, and sorrows that never came. Farewell dinners passed in all directions, and, to wind up the farewell to each other, a station amateur play concluded the festivities. I played Lord Duberley in the Heir at Law, and Lord Minikin in Bon Ton. His lordship seemed highly amused with these performances, and was pleased to pass some eulogiums on my Lord Duberley. When the play

had concluded, a gentleman came into the dressing-room, and addressed me thus: "Shipp, if you act your part as baggage-master, as you have that of Lord Duberley, you will do well."

"Baggage-master!" I replied, "I don't understand you." "Why," said he, "you are appointed baggage-master to the left division of the grand army."

"My dear sir," said I, "you must be mistaken; for I have not heard a syllable of the matter." He replied, "You may depend upon it as a fact; and, to be candid with you, I went to Lord Hastings and asked him for the appointment, when he himself told me you were already appointed, at the especial request and wish of Major-General Marshall, in consideration of your conduct at Huttrass, and of your being the only officer wounded during that siege."

Had I known this good news before, I would have thrown all the life and soul of a baggage-master into the character of Lord Duberley. As it was, no intelligence could be more welcome to me. On the following morning I wrote to the brigade-major to

know if the information was true. He replied by note that it was, and apologized for having, through multiplicity of business, forgotten to mention to me that I must join the left division of the grand army forthwith. They had left Cawnpore two days before. Being now sure of this good news, I communicated it to my wife, and fixed the following day for my departure. I then waited on the noble marquis to thank him for my preferment. His lordship received me with great kindness. "Mr. Shipp," said he, "you have no occasion to thank me, but your own merit, and the kindness of Major-General Marshall, who requested the appointment of me as a favour conferred on him." His lordship concluded, "I will not ask you to dine to-day, as you would in all probability prefer spending the short time you have to spare with your family." I expressed my grateful sense of his lordship's kindness, and returned home and spent the day with her whom I loved best on earth. In the evening I took leave of my brother officers, and on the following morning, ere the cock crew, I had taken an early breakfast, and by the time the sun left his slumber-

ing couch I was some miles on my road, to join the left division of the grand army.

There is a kind of pensiveness by which the human mind is assailed on separating, though for a short time only, from pleasant acquaintances; but, when we part from objects bound to us by the dearest ties of love or consanguinity, an indescribable weight oppresses the heart. I felt this in parting from the most affectionate of women, to enter on a new series of wars, perhaps never to behold her again. These thoughts will intrude, in spite of all one's efforts to repress them, where the heart feels assured of reciprocal love. If I do not deceive myself, or my recollection fail me not, I was weak enough to weep on this occasion, for who could see the wife of his bosom writhing with anguish and clinging round his neck, whispering sweet words of love and constancy, and refrain from tears? She had two little sisters, too, who hung about my knees, crying "Dear brother, do not go; see how sister cries. Pray do not go; sister will be ill." I tore myself from the endearing embraces which restrained me, and rushed out of the house.

## CHAPTER IX.

The whole combined powers of the three Presidencies of India were now in motion, to effect the dispersion or annihilation of the Pindarees, a set of despotic marauders and savage barbarians, who were prowling about the country in immense hordes. Their numbers might be estimated at two hundred thousand, all horse-men, the remains of the old Mahrattah sect of warriors, who had been driven from their homes by the civil wars of the several Native powers of Hisdostan. These marauders levied their exactions from the poor peasantry of the more remote districts of Hindostan, whom they robbed and plundered year after year, and murder is a common incident of the day. The horses on which they ride, and also their equipments, whether stolen or not, are the rider's own property, and respected by the rest as such. The craftiest and

most daring among them are the greatest men, and call themselves, according to their several degrees of superiority, names of high office, such as those of our Native officers of cavalry. Their weapons generally consist of a long spear, a sabre, a shield, and a matchlock; but many of them have pistols also, and some few I have seen with huge blunderbusses. Their families generally accompany them, and they are mounted on the best and fleetest horses. Should any of their women die or run away, they can easily be replaced at the next village. If any resistance is made, either on the part of the female herself, or of her father, mother, or husband, coercive means are unhesitatingly resorted to, and the poor creature is carried off in the same manner as any other commodity of which they may stand in need. As soon as they have drained one town or village, they take up their quarters in another, living entirely upon rapine and plunder.

In this manner these marauders had long prowled about uncontrolled, laying whole districts waste, and bringing with them, wherever they went, deso-

lation and ruin. These desperadoes, who set the laws of the land at defiance, and the laws of humanity at naught, the Marquis of Hastings was now determined to destroy; for which purpose, every soldier that could be spared was now in the field, the noble Marquis commanding in person the centre division of the army, and superintending and directing the whole plan of the war.

In four days I reached the division, then lying under the Fort of Callenger, and reported myself to Major-General Marshall, commanding the division, with whom I breakfasted. His extremely kind manner of receiving me was truly flattering. I cannot say that I was very bashful, but I always endeavoured to be respectful to my superiors. I took the earliest opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for his kind recommendation of me to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. The general replied,—"Shipp, you deserve what you have been appointed to. I have not forgotten your gallantry at Huttrass, although I was so extremely ill before that place; but I must confess that plaguey gout almost made me overlook your merit. I heartily

wish you joy. There will be a knife and fork always laid at my table for you. Make my board your home." Thus saying, he shook me cordially by the hand.

I had now been told in person, both by the Marquis of Hastings and by the general in command of the division of the army in which I was now to act, that I had hitherto performed my duty like a brave and loyal soldier. These attestations to my military character and conduct caused my heart to glow with pride and satisfaction; and, indeed, nothing can be more gratifying to the feelings of a soldier than the consciousness that the approbation with which his superiors are pleased to regard him has been really deserved by him, on account of his ardent attachment to his profession, and his faithful performance of its perilous duties. It was with heartfelt pleasure that I heard I had earned the good opinion of men of high rank and command; and I felt highly gratified in the contemplation that, when retired from scenes of war, I could add to the enjoyments of the domestic circle the comfort of being able to look on my former life

with satisfaction, and of fighting my battles over again and again with delight. Glory had been my motto; laurels were my crown!

I then paid my respects to Brigadier-General Watson, C.B., colonel of his Majesty's 14th Regiment, second in command of this division, whose cordiality and hospitality, for nearly a year that I was a constant guest at his table, I can never forget. After wishing me joy of my appointment, he said, "Shipp, as you are the only King's officer in this camp besides myself and staff, I hope you will take a seat at my table during the campaign." This hospitality I could not accept, the commanding officer having previously given me the same invitation; but the brigadier-general would take no excuse, but said he would settle that with General Marshall. I lived with him till the month of May following in a most friendly manner, faring at his board in a very sumptuous style. In his private character, General Watson was generous, kind, and affable, and ever ready to do a good act; and in his public capacity a brave, active, and zealous officer, who seldom contented himself with directing

things to be done, but actually saw them executed. From the extreme indisposition of the major-general, he undertook the more active parts of the several storms and sieges in which the left division was engaged, as the continuation of my narrative will show.

On the following day I visited the strong hill fort of Callenger. It is situated on an immense hill, on the ascent of which the greater part of the town stands. At the extremity of this ascent, the rocks are almost perpendicular. In some places they are fifty and sixty feet high. On these are built prodigious bastions and stone walls, with embrasures and loop-holes, so that any approach by assault or escalade was impossible. On its summit is a beautiful tank of clear water, nourished by a crystal spring. There are also fields, gardens, and woods, and two or three temples or mosques. The view from this elevation embraced an expanse of some miles of country. In its front, or more prominent part, lay the lowlands of the station of Bandah, on the most beautiful and clear stream in Hindostan, the River Cane. This beautiful stream empties

itself into the Jumnah, about sixteen or twenty miles from this station. Between us and Bandah stood some enormous hills; and temples were built on their very pinnacles; which are reached by winding steps, cut out of the rock by manual labour. These buildings, viewed from the base of the hills, look like little white spots in the sky.

When the sun arose on the following morning, I was invited to go up and witness the splendour of the scene, and I had no cause to regret such an invitation. The morning clouds seemed to slumber on the tops of those barren hills; but the rising sun's glitterings beams roused them from their lethargy, and drove them from their thrones of night. Even at mid-day, I have seen the buildings on these hills entombed in the murky clouds, and their inmates, when visible, seemed beings of another world. They were Brahmin mendicants, who descended in the morning, and solicited alms all day in the name of Alla, re-ascending at eve to their aerial abodes, there to mumble forth their witchcrafts, and to contaminate the salubrious breeze of night with their invocations to blocks and stones.

The breeze in these valleys is pure, renovating, and salubrious. Pea-fowls are seen in great abundance on these hills. They are both fed and worshipped by the mendicant priests; who are much annoyed if you disturb or shoot them, which, notwithstanding that, Europeans take the liberty of doing, wherever they can find them. These birds are, while young, as delicious as a young turkey. In former days, even during my time in India, shooting peacocks was strictly prohibited by the government, as interfering with the religious rights of the natives; but those orders or prohibitions have been long since rescinded, and they are now considered fair game. They are found in almost all the districts of Hindostan. Their plumage is splendid and beautiful, and, when parading before the sons of idolatry, who worship them, they seem as proud of their tails as the priests themselves do of their pretended and presumptuous knowledge of futurity.

By their ridiculous predictions of futurity, these wretches live, and impose on the deluded villagers, whom they buoy up with the most felicitous pros-

pects to come, feeding their fancies with the hope of future aggrandizement and wealth. Such is the confidence of the uninformed villagers in these promises of future bliss, that they will part with their all to insure a favourable prediction; but, when the auspicious and long-watched-for period arrives at which their hopes are to be realized, then they see how they have been deceived and robbed. But the miscreant priest has always a loop-hole to creep out at, either by asserting that his dupes have not dedicated a sufficient portion of their property to the priesthood; that it is necessary for them to do penance so many days; or give so much money, so much corn, and so many pieces of cloth to the priesthood, to enable them to invoke their gods for the promised mercies. This is frequently complied with, and the delusion goes on from one imposition and infatuation to another. I will relate one anecdote of these mendicant priests, that came under my own immediate knowledge.

A Brahmin priest, noted for his piety and great knowledge of future events, had cast his lascivious eye upon a most beautiful Hindoo woman, of about

thirteen years old. In India they are considered women at that age. This was in the city of Delhi, in the year 1803. He frequently begged at her door, and often received alms from this Hisdostanee beauty, and at last he prevailed upon her to hear the events of her future life. He had been induced to urge this request, he said, from a very extraordinary dream he had had that night. The truth, however, was, that he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the girl's pedigree, to the third and fourth generation, before he made the attempt that follows. "Your name," he said, "is Chaundnee." She started, and said, "Yes, it is; but how came you to know that? I thought my name was known only to my parents."—"Listen, listen," he continued, "and you shall hear greater wonders far. Your father's name is so-and-so; your mother's, brothers', sisters', uncles', aunts', so-and-so." Here the poor deluded girl fell at his feet, overcome by superstitious awe. The Brahmin continued, "So far my dream is true; but, let me see, what says my book of knowledge?" Upon this he opened a large volume, in which all he had

been saying was written in full, with the narrative that follows. On opening the sacred book, as he turned over its leaves, he affected to start, and struck his forehead as an indication of wonderment; and, pointing his impious finger at the name of Chaundnee, said, "Fair maiden, read thine own name, written in full in the book of knowledge. Read," he repeated; "I know thou canst." The astonished maiden fixed her bewildered eyes upon the page, and read her own name written in characters of gold. This style of writing those impostors execute beautifully. The poor girl was struck with amazement at seeing her own name written in letters of gold; but the priest would not permit her to reply. "Stay," said he, "till I read the whole. You will be the richest and most exalted woman in Hindostan. There are large caskets of diamonds for you in the Mootee Paree, (meaning Pearly Mountain, a hill of that name near the city, on which was the residence of this priest). If you will go alone when the moon rides upon the Mootee Paree, you will receive the casket of jewels, which far exceed in value and splendour

those of any other of God's votaries. Fear not, sweet maiden, to go; and alone, as you value your life. None else are permitted to see the contents of this Mootee Paree; even I dare not go in. The present will be delivered to you by a young prince, who is, at some future day, to be your husband." Thus saying, he left her in haste. She watched him out of sight, and believed and swallowed with avidity the ridiculous imposture which had been practised upon her. Agitated by the thought of her promised greatness, she became so unsettled in her manners, that her parents were alarmed, and at last induced her to confide to their parental bosoms the cause of her anxiety. Being doatingly fond of her parents, and seeing their unabated anguish, she at length related the whole story, concluding with an assurance, that she believed it with the most implicit faith, for she had seen it with her own eyes written in letters of gold in the great book of knowledge, and that she must go, and alone, the moment the moon slumbered upon the Mootee Paree. Her sire, in a moment, saw the whole diabolical plan of the men-

dicant priest, and was resolved to punish him for attempting to disturb his domestic quiet; but, to satisfy his infatuated child, he said that she should go as the grand book of knowledge directed, and be convinced with her own eyes of the imposition, by witnessing his chastisement of the impostor.

At the appointed time, the father and daughter, with two of the sons, armed, sallied forth, and waited till the moon rode upon the hill of Mootee Paree. With timid step the maid approached the mouth of the cave, her father and brothers concealing themselves from view at some distance, to await the result. At last a voice was distinctly heard, and the name of Chaundnee was pronounced three times. "I am here," answered the maiden; "who are you that thus call upon my name?"

"Thy friend and future prince. Approach and fear not; here is the rich casket of jewels that you must wear on the bridal day." She advanced, when she felt some person grasp her wrist, at which she shrieked, and her father and brothers rushed in, seized the old mendicant priest, and in a moment divested him of the most prominent

feature of his face, as well as those two little appendages of his hoary head, called ears. The Brahmin, after this, flew, none knew whither, as the loss of ears is considered a disgrace of the greatest enormity. This story was given to me in English when I was at Delhi, and it happened during the time I was there. I saw the young woman one morning going to bathe in the river. By abominable tricks like these, these hypocritical mendicant priests live, and feed their lascivious passions, under the garb of sanctity.

This is the description of the people inhabiting those beautiful mountains, on which the eye could dwell and always find something new to feast on. This very fort of Callenger had, but a short time before, been stained with the purple stream flowing from Christian bosoms. It was in the storming of this fort, that his Majesty's 53d Regiment of Foot suffered so severely before they succeeded in planting old England's banner on its proud top. On the summit of the edifice is a monument, which was erected to the memory of the brave fellows who fell in the assault of this place.

We remained here three or four days, visiting this fort; and the oftener we went up, the more we were astonished how it was possible our troops could have got in on the occasion alluded to. To us who merely journeyed for amusement up its stupendous sides, the ascent was most difficult, and by the time we had gained its summit we were exhausted. That a fort like that of Callenger, often attempted by legions of Native armies, should have been taken as it was, was matter of amazement to all who beheld it. It had once, we understood, been taken by stratagem in the following manner. A Native Rajah, who was going to war, solicited the governor's permission to lodge his treasures and family there as a place of security during the war. The governor, no doubt actuated by the hope of the ultimate possession of the treasures, readily granted the required asylum, for which purpose a hundred doolies, or covered palanquins, were to be sent up on the following morning. The infatuated and blinded governor, his soul burning with the prospect of gain, slumbered on his couch of supposed safety. Each of these

palanquins was to be permitted to carry one female belonging to the Rajah's family; but, instead, each in reality contained a soldier dressed in the habiliments of the female sex, and veiled to hide his huge mustachios. To each of those doolies were eight bearers; in the palanquins were their arms, hidden from view. Those hundred doolies went up without the slightest suspicion, and they were ranged around the governor's house. The sequel may be readily guessed: no sooner were the supposed bearers relieved of their loads than they flew to arms, and thus got possession of the Fort of Callenger.

The army being now formed and complete, with every requisite for a long campaign, I put the implements of my office in lashing order. My post of baggage-master being a situation which is, I believe, peculiar to India, it may not be improper to state its duties, &c. He is a staff-officer, and, when not employed in his particular department, is attached to the suite of the commander of the division, as much as the commissary-general, quarter-master-general, or any other staff-officer of the division.

On the line of march, he is held entirely responsible that neither men nor baggage precede the column of march, and that they are on their proper flank, which is regulated by the general orders of the day. If the reader recollect what I before stated, that he may safely calculate ten followers in a Bengal army to every fighting man, and when he is informed that, according to calculations made in our camp, including the several Native contingencies we had with us, our followers were not less in number than eighty thousand, men, women, and children, some thirty thousand of whom followed the army for what they could pick up, by fair means or otherwise, my situation cannot be supposed to have been a sinecure. It was truly one of great labour and activity. I had twenty men belonging to a corps of local horse. These men were provided with long whips and placed at my disposal. To attempt to talk the numberless camp-followers into obedience was quite out of the question; and, therefore, these whips were for the purpose of lashing them into something like discipline. To the great number of human beings I have spoken of

must be added fifty elephants, six hundred camels, five thousand bullocks, five thousand horses, one thousand ponies, two hundred goats, two hundred sheep, fifty ruts, one hundred palanquins, one hundred dogs, and one hundred hackeries, or carts; presenting the following total:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fighting men . . . . | 8,000 |
| Camp-followers . . . | 80,000 |
| Elephants . . . . | 50 |
| Camels . . . . | 600 |
| Bullocks, Horses, and Tattoos . | 11,000 |
| Goats, Sheep, and Dogs . | 500 |
| Palanquins, Hackeries, and Ruts . | 250 |
| Total | 100,400 |

One hundred thousand four hundred were thus under my command, for the movements of the whole of whom, men, animals, and vehicles (except fighting men), I was responsible; and I am sure the reader will not class me amongst cruel men if I was obliged to use the whip, where obduracy and contempt of orders were frequent.

On the following morning we commenced our march, and I began the functions of my new situation by impressing upon the minds of some of the followers, that my arm was strong as well as

the lash of my whip. I found I was soon obliged to take other measures besides merely bellowing to them; and in three days I had whipped the whole body into perfect obedience, which saved me a tremendous deal of labour afterwards, and some hundred yards of whip-cord. Sometimes some mischievous fellows would, to annoy me, get the whole baggage on the wrong flank, but I had influence enough to find them out, when they paid dearly for their trick. After a short time they found it would not do; so, my situation, instead of a task, was at last a pleasure to me, and the sight of my whip was sufficient to deter the most desperate from exceeding his limits. My commanding-officer frequently said that, if he lived and commanded twenty armies, I should be his baggage-master.

In two days we arrived under the town and Fort of Hedjeeghur, a strong hill fort, that had been recently taken by the honourable Company's army. The refractory Rajah, driven from his strong and proud walled fort, lived in the town below, where no doubt he panted for vengence on his foes. He was a designing and crafty fellow, capable of the

blackest crimes; but he was so pressed under the thumb of the government whom he had offended, that he dared not show himself in his true colours. What must have been his heart's writhings, when he saw that proud fort, which had been the residence and glory of his forefathers, forfeited by the most diabolical breach of treaty! It must have filled his cup of bitterness to the brim. In his disposition, this conquered Rajah was cunning, cruel, and despotic; but, from fear, he was the most cringing sycophant that ever lived.

The next march brought us to the foot of the ghaut we were to ascend. On its projecting bosom could be seen a kind of winding path or road, which, in some parts, seemed suspended from the clouds; and how any mortal power could get up our twenty-four pounders, and all their gigantic appendages, seemed beyond human foresight to imagine. The pioneers went to work with the view of enlarging the road, in which occupation we will leave them, while I endeavour to describe the scene below. I imagined that no spot on this wide earth could equal in beauty the scene I beheld in Nepaul;

but the one in which our encampment now lay appeared to me almost to surpass it in magnificence. The hill, from its base to its summit, was, I should think, a good English mile. Similar hills surrounded the encampment, and rippling and creeping streams wound through the camp in every direction. Here the trees, closely embraced by the fragrant woodbine, were of an enormous size; and, when in full leaf, their lofty tops vied with the encircling mountains. Every kind of wild flower was here in great profusion, and the grass under our feet was like the finest green carpet. The eye could wander far through beautiful trees, and through their verdure could be seen little huts of peace, standing by the brookside, which bespoke domestic bliss. But here, as at Nepaul, stalked idolatry in all its deformity, bidding defiance and evincing the most obdurate ingratitude to the sole Author of such blessings. Oh! that in God's good time the pure word of truth may flourish among this unenlightened race. May their seed bloom in the blossom of faith, and may sweet anthems of praise resound through their fertile

valleys, and not only ascend to their mountain-top, but to the throne of heaven!

I was delighted to find, by the orders of the day, that the army would ascend the ghaut on the following morning; but that the baggage-master, with one thousand men as a working-party, would remain behind. Immediately after the division had ascended, they were to follow, permitting all private baggage to be got up in the best manner it could. The working-party which had been left below, was for the purpose of getting up public stores. I was up early, and saw them off, and it was a most terrific sight to see the cavalry hanging, apparently, on the craggy cliff. Strange to say, elephants ascended, carrying up their usual enormous loads; but the time occupied by these animals was considerable, from their trying to step one after another, and never venturing without first being well assured of the solidity of the ground. This reference to the extraordinary sagacity of elephants reminds me of two or three other anecdotes of these huge animals, which may be interesting to the reader.

In the year 1804, when we were in pursuit of Hoolkah, there was, in our encampment, a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became violent, and, during those moments of ungovernable phrenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to sooth and appease him, which, with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night, their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night, broke from his chains, and ran wild through the encampment,

driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and, indeed, every thing that could move, before him, and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk,—which is, with elephants, a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course, no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take. Those that did soon found themselves floored. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal ramble, would fill a greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it that, in his flight, followed by swordsmen and spearsmen shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset everything that impeded his progress, wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twenty places, which only infuriated him the more, and he struck away with his trunk at every thing before him. His roaringwas terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper, and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eye of pity, and stood rivetted to

the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his piquet, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child, with its eyes fixed on it; and, if I did not see the penitential tear steal from its eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be rechained by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible, as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed unintimidated, and played with its trunk. From

this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within its sight. Often have I gone with others of the camp to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away, and died at Cawnpore, six months afterwards; —people well acquainted with the history of the elephant, and who knew the story, did not scruple to say, from fretting for his before favourite keeper.

During the Nepaul war, 1815, a female elephant, that had a young one some seven years old, died, leaving its young to lament its loss. I went to see it every day, and I pledge my word to the reader, that the sorrow and sighing of this little animal was truly piteous and distressing. For some time it refused all kind of food. An old male elephant, that always stood near its mother, after some days, seemed to take pity on it; fondled over and caressed it, and at last adopted it. It always travelled on the line of march close by its side, would feed out of its mouth, and gamboled with

it as it was wont to do with its mother. Thus noticed, it grew fast, and, ere the campaign was over, its poor mother was forgotten, and all its affections seemed settled on its new friend. Its name was Pearee,—love, or lovely, in English.

Colonel James Price, now major-general in the Company's army, knew, perhaps, more of the history of elephants than any man in India, having been one of the Company's breeders, at Chittygong, for many years. I have heard him recount the most affecting stories about these animals. He generally kept two or three himself. I was tiffing one day with him, when the subject turned on the sagacity of elephants, and he said he thought he had a young one as cunning as any one he had ever seen; and he offered to lay a bet, that if any one played this animal a trick, he would return it, if it was a month afterwards. The company seemed to doubt this, and the consequence was a small wager, taken by me. I cut the elephant some bread, of which these animals are extremely fond, but, between the pieces, I introduced a considerable quantity of cayenne pepper. Thus

highly seasoned, I gave this bread to the elephant; but he soon discovered the trick, and I was obliged to run for it. I afterwards gave him some bread without any pepper, which he ate and seemed grateful for, and we parted. About a month or six weeks afterwards, I went to dine with the same colonel, and, prior to dinner being served, we took our usual walk to look at his stud. I had forgotten all about the elephant and the bet I had made respecting him, and accordingly played with and fondled him, without any suspicion. With this he seemed much pleased at the time; but, on my going away, he drenched me from head to foot with dirty water, in return for my cayenne-pepper trick.

About mid-day, the whole of the private baggage was up, and some small guns had been drawn up by the working-party. By six o'clock, no one but myself and the working-party were remaining below. When I made my report to the commandant of the division that every thing was up, he could scarcely credit my assertion; but, when I assured him of its reality, he thanked me in the

most cordial manner, and said he had given the following day for the completion of that job. The large guns took four hundred men, with double and treble drag-ropes, to pull up; and some of them were, in some of the most abrupt turnings in the ascent, actually hanging by the ropes in a very dangerous state. One gun broke from its drag-ropes, but it was, fortunately, not far from a turning, which brought it up without any accident. Indeed, scarcely an accident happened worth the relation, save one, which I pledge my word was an absolute fact. A small hackery, or cart, belonging to some of the followers of the camp, fell down a precipice upwards of eighty yards deep, the sides of which were studded with trees of an enormous size. The two bullocks who drew this cart were dashed to pieces, and the driver was so dreadfully injured that he had scarcely a feature left that could be recognized as human. Some ten feet from the cart, lay a child about two years of age, perfectly uninjured, with the exception of one slight bruise on its little knee. It was supposed that the cart did not upset till at

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the bottom of the declivity, and that not until then did the child fall out; but it was certainly one of those extraordinary circumstances which sometimes happen, for which it would be difficult satisfactorily to account.

## CHAPTER X.

Having made my report that the whole of the stores, baggage, &c. had been safely got up the ghaut, I was still at the general's, when a messenger came from Rajah Buckeet Bellee, the Rajah of Hadjepore, whom I have before alluded to, and the general requested I would escort him into camp. I therefore rode towards the top of the ghaut, where I found the Rajah in waiting. The purport of his visit was to make his peace with the general, who was much displeased at his not having complied with his requisition to furnish five hundred workmen to assist us to get up the baggage. The Rajah had with him five elephants, and twenty horsemen, with spears, guns, &c. He was inclined to be affable and jocular with me; but I could see through his dark eyebrows the more inward workings of his heart. He broke silence by asking me

if the general was displeased with him. Knowing the character of the fellow, I could hardly make up my mind to be civil to him, so I replied,—"You had better put that question to him who can best answer it. If the general is not offended, he has good reason to be so." He then asked me what was the object of our campaign, and I told him that he had better reserve all these questions for the ear of the general himself, who, no doubt, would be able to satisfy his Nawabship. Finding that I was not quite so elated with the honour of sitting on the same elephant with him as he had expected I should be, and that he could get no information out of me, the Rajah next admired my dress, and took a mighty fancy to my watch, but I would not let it out of my hand. He winked to a man on another elephant, and muttered something in the Mahratta language, which I did not thoroughly comprehend, but which sounded something like, "it won't do," or "he won't do." He then took a fancy to my whip, which I permitted him to look at. Some person happening to speak to me just as we arrived in the precincts of the camp, my

whip was passed from one to another, and all protested they knew nothing about it, so that I had but little hope of ever seeing it again. On the Rajah's return from the general, from whom he had met but a cool reception, he remounted his elephant, with indignation in his eye, and vowing vengeance, if ever in his power, against all Europeans. I had to see him out of the camp, when, having proceeded to the extent of my orders, I demanded my whip, protesting that he should be detained in camp until it was restored. Every search was made, but no whip was to be found. I was not to be hoaxed in this manner, so I persisted in having either my emblem of office returned, or its full value paid to me. The Nawab asked what it cost. I said five gold mohurs; and, after some demur, and a good deal of parleying, I pocketed that sum, and we parted, to my perfect satisfaction.

We marched the following day. Our journey lay through a wild country, in which scarcely a human being was to be seen, though the soil seemed good and fertile. The fact was, that we were now en-

tering those districts which had been recently the haunts of the Pindarees. The next day our march lay through a famous diamond country, belonging to the Punnah Rajah. Having passed a small deserted stone fort, I was much astonished that, after the enormous ascent of nearly a mile, the whole country continued flat for a considerable distance. From the country having been deserted in consequence of the ravages of the Pindarees, all appeared desolate and dreary, except in the district in which the diamond speculation was carried on. Here were seen, in little groups, adventurers digging for these precious stones. In this venture, as in all others, some won and others lost; but the number of the latter greatly predominated. The adventurers purchase a certain extent of ground, say ten or twelve feet square, for which they pay from a hundred to a thousand rupees, which depends entirely on the situation. Terms having been agreed upon, they then dig, sift, and wash, and, if they find any diamonds under a certain value, they are their own; if above (I think ten thousand rupees is the amount stipulated), they

are the property of the Rajah. Few of very high value are found; but, notwithstanding this, the speculators are well watched during the whole of their sifting and washing. A good deal of gold, silver, copper, and iron, is also found in this part of the country, and there can be no doubt that the Rajah is a rich man; though, notwithstanding his treasures, he must be devoid of happiness, as the following incident of his life will prove.

Some three years before the time that the division of the army to which I belonged passed through this district, the Rajah had married a most beautiful woman, the daughter of a neighbouring Rajah, making his third wife. This woman, of all his wives and concubines, he most loved, if such a tyrant can be supposed to be susceptible of such a feeling. In his court he had promoted a young man (his barber), from an indigent sphere to be his chief confidant. This confidant became his greatest favourite, and, indeed, ruler. Nothing could be done but through his interest. Thus things went on for some time, when the Rajah was invited some hundreds of miles to an annual festival, which in-

vitation he accepted. The times were turbulent, for the Pindarees were then roving about in large bodies; but, notwithstanding this, the Rajah imagined he could safely leave his confidant in charge of his family and his people. Having made this arrangement, he started on his journey, reposing the most implicit trust in the firmness and integrity of the new minister, for so he was denominated. Scarcely had one week elapsed, when the fiend who was thus trusted cast his sensual eye on the object of his master's best love; but he found her virtuous as she was beautiful. He protested his most ardent love; that he could not exist without her honeyed smiles; that she was every thing that could promote his happiness or destroy his life. He entreated, he conjured; but all were as words cast upon the wintry blast: she was firm, and threatened to expose his infamy to the Rajah. Thus menaced, his crime seemed to stagger him, and he importuned no more; all the exasperated fury of an offended master rushed upon his mind. The Rajah, as he well knew, was of a most violent and ungovernable temper,—one of those unhappy

mortals who act first and think afterwards; and such a report against his favourite would have wrought his jealous heart to a pitch of utter phrenzy. The villain, seeing his danger, immediately turned his own dastardly crime upon her who had resisted his corrupt proposals, and, seeking an interview with the Rajah on his return, he represented to him, clothed with the most infamous and plausible falsehoods, that his favourite wife had been unfaithful in his absence. Had the infuriated and jealous-hearted Rajah but given this report one instant of consideration, he must have detected the wretch in his infamous falsehood; but the artful favourite knew and relied on his master's fury. The moment he whispered the poisonous words into his ears, the Rajah grasped his sabre, flew like a madman into the zananah, and, without speaking one word, he cut his favourite mistress into pieces; then, gazing on the murdered beauty who lay lifeless at his feet, he sought refuge in the bosom of him who had destroyed his peace of mind and the object of his most ardent attachment. Her lacerated body was committed to the pile, and

burnt, after the usual lamentations. He was an independent Rajah, and consequently beyond the reach of British justice. In his own country there was no law to punish such offences. In a short time, therefore, the circumstance passed away, and was forgotten; and not even did the relatives of the poor woman inquire the cause of the foul act, for murder was a common incident of the day.

At length, one of the other wives of the Rajah lay on her death-bed. In this state, she expressed a wish that her whole court might be assembled, for she had something of the greatest importance to disclose, before she closed her earthly career. This was communicated to the confidant, who immediately imagined that the murdered victim had communicated to her the whole affair. He however took the necessary measures to summon the court into the chamber of death; but, when they had assembled, the favourite alone was missing, and, on search being made, it was found he had fled on horseback. The council having assembled, a full and clear disclosure of his infamous designs was made. The Rajah, in bitterest anguish, tore his

hair, beat his breast, and ran raving like a madman round the palace. Nothing could sooth or pacify him. Every horseman was despatched in pursuit of the delinquent, but he was never found; and all the infuriated murderer could do, was to build a temple to the memory of his favourite mistress. This he did, and a most splendid edifice it is.

The unfortunate Rajah, when I last saw him, which was in the year 1819, was a perfect madman. After looking on his blood-stained hands, he would wash them a hundred times a day; but neither water nor time can wash away the guilt of murder. In the temple before alluded to, is her effigy, and two valuable diamonds occupy the place of her once smiling eyes.

We remained at Punnah some four or five days, waiting for instructions from head-quarters. The left division was originally intended as an army of observation, to watch the several ghauts on the frontiers of our provinces, and to prevent the Pindarees from getting into our districts; but they having taken another direction towards Candish, we received orders to move on in the combined

and general pursuit, and we stood towards Serronge Bopaul and Burrowah Saugar, through a most wild and desolate country, where tyrannic sway had driven far from their homes the poor villagers. At one time, having lost sight of the Pindarees, we began to be seriously alarmed about our families at the different stations. At one of the principal stations (Cawnpore) there was scarcely a soldier to be seen, and reports having reached them that the Pindarees had descended the ghauts, the alarm of the women and their families became dreadful. Their doors were barricaded with stones, bricks, tables, chairs, drawers, beds, and so forth, and not one dared to venture abroad. All was fear and consternation. Servants were despatched for information, who brought back the most unfounded reports, which greatly increased their alarm. My wife's letters were filled with fears and forebodings. Many ladies had hired boats for the purpose of going down the river to a more secure place, when an event happened that, for a time, confirmed all their alarms, and almost frightened them out of their wits. A lady of the

station, riding out early in her chair (or *ton-jon*), saw, on the race-course, an immense dust, raised by a number of bullocks who were coming to the cantonment for grain, escorted by a party of local horse. She inquired who these were, when the person of whom she asked this question, said, "Brinjaree," meaning a small cattle that carry commissariat stores; but the lady understood him Pindaree, and the name was quite sufficient. She jumped out of her palanquin and ran towards home, screaming, "Pindarees, Pindarees," and all she could answer to the questions put to her was, that the Pindarees were come, and were already in the cantonment. Servants were despatched, who, seeing every body running, vociferating, "Pindarees," the alarm, as may well be supposed, spread like wildfire. Some took to their boats; some got under their beds; others into their cellars and go-downs; and the consternation was unbounded. My wife, fortunately, had a small guard of sepoys at her house, there being some commissariat stores there. On the news reaching her, her doors were locked and bolted, and a confidential servant was

despatched to ascertain the nature and the extent of the truth of the report. He returned, saying, that they were then plundering the great bazaar. The screaming of ladies and children which ensued, and the alarm of servants, beggars description, and it was not before evening that confidence and peace were restored, by the kindness and judicious interference of Captain Sissmore, the acting paymaster of the station.

We pushed on towards Bersiah, where we found Major Logie, of the Bengal Infantry, who had thought it advisable to stockade himself, for he had with him a considerable quantity of treasure for Colonel Adam's division. As the Pindarees were hovering about in large numbers, and a large body of Scindia's horse seemed to eye the treasure with delight, the major having only a few men, we found him on a small hill, well and securely fortified. The day before our arrival, this enormous body of Scindia's horse encamped close to the stockade, and in their manners were extremely insolent to Major Logie; so much so, that he told them in plain terms, if they did not move their quarters, he would fire

on them; and I do not know any man in the Company's army more likely to put his threat in execution. It is true they were the troops of an ally, but they were not to be trusted, and nothing but fear prevented them from seizing the treasure under Major Logie's care. At this place we received hourly information that the Pindarees were in the neighbourhood; but, as they were in tens and twenties, it would have been folly for us to have gone in pursuit of them. Indeed, we might as well have attempted to catch the falling stars. Such a pursuit could not have redounded to the credit of the service, and it might probably have frightened and dispersed them, which was not our object. We rather encouraged their combining in large parties, that we might surprise and cut them up. With this view we remained here some time, watching their movements. Here, again, the munificence of the government of the East-India Company was evinced. Proclamations were published through every village, calling on these marauders to become good subjects, offering to purchase their horses and arms at a fair valuation, and to give them land and a free

pardon for all their former transgressions. Not one of these kind and liberal proposals had they a right to expect; but their obdurate hearts would not accept the proffered mercy, nor their indolent habits permit them to think of cultivating the earth. It is supposed that, during the more inactive seasons of their lives, they will sleep from twelve to fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the few hours that they are awake are spent in rapine and sensual pleasures. There is no race of people on God's earth more depraved and debauched than a Mussel-man Pindaree.

Notwithstanding my restless mind, and the habits of my early life, I had always a turn for the pensive and melancholy. Nothing is better calculated to amuse and nurse this feeling than the moon-lit scene of an Eastern eve. One night, while we remained at this place, I wandered from the camp in search of some lonely spot, where I could indulge unseen my melancholy thoughts, and refresh with the breezes of eve my dried-up body, on which an intensely hot sun had been sporting the whole day without mercy. Thought led on to thought, and

resolution was formed upon resolution; until, recalling my self-possession, I found that I had strayed far from camp. Being in an enemy's country and unarmed, I stopped short and looked around me with the eye of a lynx. All was silent as the grave. I paused and listened; but not even a whisper disturbed the serenity of night. I suppose it was about eleven o'clock. The moon was up, bright, and far on its rambles, and scarcely a cloud was to be seen. All of a sudden, I thought I heard distant thunder; the moon in an instant seemed obscured and dim; and darkness seemed rapidly covering the face of heaven. I made towards home; but, instead of taking the right direction, I found myself surrounded by thick woods. I again stopped, and bethought myself which way I should steer my course, when a most terrific toofaun (whirlwind) came on, that seemed likely to tear the very trees up by the roots. The frightened birds soon got on the wing, screaming most piteously. The thunder became truly alarming, and the lightning raged terrifically. I took shelter under an old mango-tree, that seemed to rock and groan under

the elemental strife. At last a little rain fell, which cleared the dense atmosphere, and the moon again shone forth in all her grandeur; but such was my confusion, that I knew not which way my road lay. Seeing the light of the moon break through the wood, at some distance, I supposed this to be the edge of the wood at which I had entered, and accordingly I took this road; but scarcely had I gone twenty paces, when I heard the distant tinkling of a bell. I made my way to the spot from which this sound seemed to proceed, and soon reached a temple, in which I could see a priest at his devotions. Three or four cur dogs gave vociferous notification that some stranger was nigh. Frequently did the hoary, and almost naked mendicant, bid them be still, but all in vain. Having finished his devotions, as I supposed, he arose, and said, "Who is there?"

I answered, "Not your enemy, but your friend."

He replied, "Christian, why do you wish to pry into those secrets you so much condemn? Why steal from your couch, this bitter night, to rob us of our sacred devotion? We came not near to mo-

lest you. It is, therefore, very ungenerous in you thus to disturb the devotions of one who perhaps has but a short night—nay, possibly, a short moment only, to repent of an age of sin. If I was a young man, I would cleave you to the ground for this intrusion; but I have now grown feeble and old. I beg you will remain here no longer, but go back to thy brethren, that wallow in sin and drunkenness. Go, I say, ere I ring a little bell that will soon bring assistants to chastise you for this intrusive visit."

"Be not angry, father," said I: "I have been driven to seek shelter from the storm; I came not hither from any impertinent curiosity, or a wish to pry into your devotions."

"Well, sir, if that be true, seat thyself on that fallen fragment."

I sat down as I was desired; and, after a silence of a few minutes, the old man pointed to some characters sculptured on the stone, and said: "I see you are a soldier. That little stone on which you sit records a doleful tale."

I of course expressed great anxiety to hear the

particulars of this tale of woe; and the venerable Fakir, with some hesitation, at last kindly promised that, if I was not in a great hurry, he would relate them to me; but, he added, "Christians cannot weep; Christians cannot feel; Christians have no pitying hearts."

I assured him, that he did Christians great injustice.

"Well, sir," said he, smilingly, "I will put my observation to the test upon you; but first let me drink of the crystal stream, for the narrative is long and affecting, and I am old and weak."

The old man then commenced his narrative in the following words:—

"Some fifty years ago, I resided near the court of Delhi. I was then about eighteen years of age, and by profession a singer of some note. This led me into the society of the most fascinating women of the age, at a period when the court was in a sad state of vice and profligacy, when men boasted of their intrigues, and blazoned abroad their own iniquities. I at last married a lovely woman, virtuous as she was beautiful; and we lived

in that bliss of which I had been in early life deprived, from those sins which my profession led me into. When I married, I was thirty years old, and, from the precariousness incident to my profession, I had drank deep of the cup of want and sorrow. I was well versed in the intrigues of the court and of the world; but, being already disgusted with them, I retired to a small village, and there commenced some kind of trade with my wife's little property, and was as happy as the day was long.

"By this wife I had one daughter and two sons. My girl, sir, was my firstborn; and she was like the dew-drop from heaven. Day by day she increased in loveliness; so much so, that our neighbours used to call her "the beautiful Rose." Girls, you know, sir, are confined in this country closer than boys. Finding that my daughter became the subject of general encomium, I saw the necessity of a closer confinement than was consistent with her tender age; but I thought it my bounden duty, as her father, to keep her innocent ear from the delusive breath of flattery, which stings and blights

the young heart ere it grows into blossom, and instils into the infant bosom poisons that canker the very root of purity. Yet, sir, notwithstanding the precautions I adopted to keep her from early contamination, spies, ere she completed her twelfth year, were put upon my house, to watch her motions, and steal her from my embrace. Once I had made up my agonized mind to destroy her by my own hand, rather than see her the slave of power; and all was in preparation for this purpose, when a strange circumstance happened, that for the moment delayed my wicked purpose.

"One night, when I was pensively wandering outside my cottage, brooding over the bloody purpose I had contemplated, and fancying at intervals that I beheld my beloved child weltering in her blood, a man, muffled in a cloak, suddenly glided by me, and said, in a kind of whisper, 'Follow me to the temple that stands by yonder tank. I hav something for your ear. Trust me, and you shal find a friend; doubt me, and I am your bitteres foe.' These words were uttered in a voice tha was familiar to me, and my legs mechanically fol

lowed him to the temple. When arrived at the appointed spot, the stranger thus addressed me: 'Meerzah, you have a fair daughter closely confined within your house. This night fly with her to some forest deep, and hide her from the wanton gaze of our wicked king. His people, when the moon rises, will be on the watch to seize her, and drag her to his presence. You they will provide for, by cutting off your head. The time for preparation is short—fly towards Lahore—avoid the highroad—take this purse to aid thee on thy journey. Good night; stay not a moment here.'

"Thus saying, the stranger left me in the bitterness of my woe, ere I could say, 'God bless and thank thee.' I flew to my cot; told my tale of woe to my fair daughter, who flew to my embraces, and said, 'Nay, good father, fly not; for, ere my bosom should be polluted by a wanton touch, this dagger shall bereave the wretch of his promised prize.' I wrested the poniard from her, and said, 'Sweet child, let us run the risk of flight rather than imbrue our hands in blood.'—Upon this she immediately made preparation for her

flight; and, having first embraced me, of whom she was dearly and doatingly fond, and kissed away the tear from my eye, in half an hour we were on our way by by-roads to Lahore. I left behind me a few lines to this effect: 'Grieve not, dear wife and children,—circumstances induce us for a time to leave you. Be comforted and composed until time, the great unraveller of mysteries, shall explain. Peace be with you. Your daughter is with me. God bless and protect you.'

"Scarcely had we proceeded two miles on the road, when the kind and friendly messenger who had informed us of our great danger, joined us, and apparently alone. He congratulated us on the success of our escape, and I, in gratitude, entreated to be informed to whom I was indebted for so kind a warning. He replied, 'One whom you once knew.' These words were pronounced in a tone that struck upon my ear as boding us no good. 'Your name, sir,' said I, becoming alarmed. 'That name has been long since forgotten by you,' said the stranger; 'but thine can never be obliterated from the recollection of Amed.' At

these words I seized my sabre, for I well knew the subtle fiend to be an agent of the king's; but it was now too late: he whistled, when a legion surrounded me, and, before I could cleave the villain to the earth, I was bound hand and foot; but my fair daughter fled wild into the forest deep, and eluded their search.

"From that period, for thirty long years, naught was seen or heard of my sweet child. Reward upon reward was offered to any person that could give information of her; but all proved in vain. My wife and one of my sons were massacred; and for twenty years I was confined in a dungeon, debarred the light of heaven, and tortured to disclose that which I did not know.

"In this dreadful state twenty years of my life were spent, at the will and mercy of him who had attempted to rob me of my child. My tyrant was one evening walking in his garden alone, when a man rushed upon him, and stabbed him to the heart. That man was my eldest son, who, ere he could escape, was cut to pieces; but the king who could so far forget himself, was soon himself for-

gotten, and under a new king I once more saw the light shining from heaven. I flew from the scenes of my early bliss to this lonely temple, where ten years ago that very daughter begged a shelter from the storm, as you have done to-night. Oh! could I here draw a veil over the dreadful scene that passed. I soon found that she was bereft of reason; she asked me for a drink of water to cool her parched lips. I brought in a loter* that once was hers. The moment she saw it, she seized it with a giant's grasp, and pressed it to her bosom, that seemed to rage high in tempest. 'Where,' she demanded, 'stole you this?'—'Stole! good sister.'—'Who was that that said good sister?'—'Me.'—'You!' Here she seized the lamp, and when she held it to my face, she exclaimed, in frantic accents, ''Tis my father!' and dropped dead into my arms. Oh sir! could you but have seen those wild eyes fixed in death, that still seemed turned towards me, you would indeed have pitied me."

Here the old man wept aloud, and I could not

* A loter is a brass pot, used to drink water out of.

help joining him. There was a long pause. At last he continued: "I summoned my friends; and, from the marks on her person, I could identify her beyond the power of doubt. On that stone I have engraven her name, and, in spite of my best efforts, my old eyes will still linger on her tomb; but, when I recollected what I had suffered from my uncertainty of her fate, what was my ecstacy when I knew she was at rest! I love to relate the tale. The wind-up is to my soul a delicious feast; and I can now spend my few remaining days in peace, if not in happiness."

I thanked the fakir for his story, and we shook hands, and parted in friendship! he to his quiet couch, and I to the noisy camp.

END OF VOL. II.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI